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TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: :: Editor

PROPOSED BOND ISSUES TO FACE

WITH the county submitting a proposal to vote \$2,800,000 in bonds for scenic roadways, the city to ask the people to ratify an issue of \$4,920,000 and the state wanting an answer from the county to incur a bonded indebtedness of \$2,850,000 for highway improvements, a total of \$10,570,000 increased financial burden is thus to be brought before the people to shoulder or reject. We may be egregiously mistaken, but it does not seem possible that the taxpayers will deliberately take upon themselves any additional debt at this time. Already, the taxes are excessive, the county supervisors, especially, proving themselves in nowise fit guardians of the public funds, which they have shamefully wasted. The only safe answer to any proposal they have to make involving the expenditure of the people's money is peremptory denial; they have shown themselves to be untrustworthy servants. As for the city's bond-mad craze, however desirable it may be to acquire lands for a civic center, upon which to erect a new city hall, Councilmen Roberts, Wheeler and Conwell are undoubtedly right in viewing the plan as unwise at this time. Secretary Gregory of the Civic Center Association almost wept in referring to the present city hall as a "distinct disgrace" for which "every citizen has reason to be ashamed," but that, of course, was pure buncombe. It is not an artistic pile, but it is by no means a civic disgrace. Mr. Gregory is indulging in hyperbole, that form of rhetoric which "lies without deceiving." The other \$2,920,000 is for the fire department, for completing the Normal Hill and Temple Block purchases and for sewage plants at the ocean front. Save for the latter, which seem to be a sanitary necessity, the bond issues should wait until a more propitious season. Already the holders of realty in city and county are groaning under the heavy burdens, in large part selfishly imposed in the past. The sluggish market is wholly attributable to this handicap. Increase the burdens and it will be difficult to give away titles to business lots or acreage. It is time to put a crimp in the bond-mad craze.

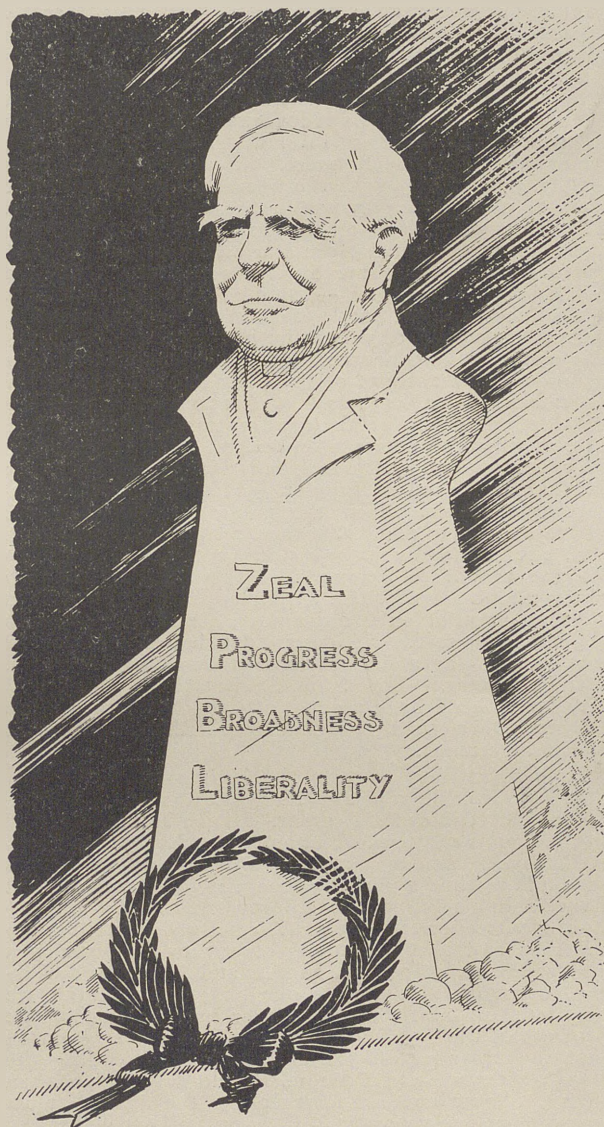
WHY POLITICAL PARTIES EXIST

EVIDENTLY, the administration forces in the state are to be enlisted in the campaign to educate the voters to support the nonpartisan laws, to be submitted next month. Lieutenant-Governor Eshleman has furnished the keynote to the affirmative argument. He bears heavily on the doctrine of pure democracy, which he seems to regard as the political ideal, and intimates that those opposing the nonpartisan measures are the ones who fear the rule of the people. Unfortunately, the "people," i. e., the majority, all too seldom see their wishes enforced. Usually, it is the majority of a minority that gains control, due to a divided vote in which a triangular contest admits of the rule of the concrete minority, plus, while the other side and the larger plus of the third contestant fall by the wayside. However, that might be endured if it were not for the fact that the "people," in this pure democracy buncombe, fail to get representative government. What they do get is of an irresponsible nature, that is to say, it is not responsible to any concrete organization that can be held accountable for flaws and lapses and egregious errors. After careful study of the proposed nonpartisan laws we are impelled to the belief that they will not prove so satisfactory in practice as has the municipal and county elimination of party politics. In a circumscribed area defects of government can be readily cured or at least more easily remedied than in a state-wide territory. Responsibility for a party's blunders, as reflected in its elected officers, is inescap-

able, but the demagogue who is accountable to nobody but the "people" is a constant menace, because of the elusiveness of the creative power. To quote from the platform of the Progressive party of 1914, "Political parties exist for the purpose of securing efficiency and honest government and to execute the will of the people, not for the purpose of giving office to partisans." What better argument for the maintenance of representative political parties than this? It is pregnant with meaning and effectually combats the "pure democracy" chimera.

BISHOP CONATY: AN APPRECIATION

COMMUNITIES do not advance, ethically, in a haphazard way. They respond to the character forces that impel them forward, their progress accelerated in proportion to the motive power responsible. That city which is blest above the average in this regard is morally certain to outpace its less richly-endowed neighbors in all that makes for good living, which is right living. As a notable factor in the uplift



Upon his bier the immortelles we place,
And take a long farewell of that strong face;
Zealous the priest, but built on such a plan,
That all who knew him first admired—the Man!

of Los Angeles the late Bishop Thomas J. Conaty was in so many respects remarkable. Wholly aside from his priestly office he was an exemplary citizen, whose voice and influence were never withheld when the public welfare demanded strong men of big caliber to assert themselves. In the days of '51 he would have been a leader of the Vigilance Committee, if he had not been a man consecrated to the church, just as in the 60's he would have buckled on his sword and fought for whichever cause his environment and predilection swayed him. Not that the good bishop was a militant churchman; he was essentially a man of peace, but he was also a man of strong convictions, of fine moral courage, and when he put his hand to the plow there was no wavering, no turning aside. In the twelve years that this beautiful and beneficent character made his home among us his influence for good was exemplified in many directions. Possessed of

unbounded energy and endowed with great executive ability, action followed closely upon decision, so that in the decade and more of his administration in the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles the physical progress initiated by him has been fully abreast of the ethical advancement of his parishioners. With the leading men and women of his church, as with the humblest, he was their guide, counsellor and friend in no uncertain way. With great spirituality he combined rare business acumen, hence his advice was eagerly sought as well for religious guidance as for his sound judgment on things mundane. A gifted orator he held his audiences as it is given few individuals to do and when he spoke *con amore* he was as one inspired. Zealous in his church work, progressive in his thinking and constructive ability, broad minded, tolerant of others' opinions that conflicted with his own, he was a rare character whom to know was to respect, regardless of one's religious affiliations. That is why in and out of his church so many of his fellow citizens this week are paying their earnest respects to all that is earthly of Bishop Conaty, whose advent among us has been so distinctly beneficial to the community. Surely, Saint Peter made haste to extend a warm welcome to the good prelate whose sudden call hence has stirred the entire state. But though lost to sight his memory, his forceful character will extend its influence to the second generation. Personally, we mourn the loss of one whom it was a proud privilege to call friend, a friendship that has endured through twelve kindly years.

AMAZING DIPLOMATIC TACTLESSNESS

READING the correspondence made public through British channels via the relief of "Dispatch Bearer" James F. J. Archibald by secret service agents, one is impressed by the amazing stupidity displayed by the writers. Diplomats, of all others, are supposed to be adepts in the art of concealing their thoughts, yet here we find their inner feelings revealed with a frankness truly remarkable, considering the strict censorship prevailing in the territory through which the chosen messenger was to pass. Moreover, Archibald was by no means an unspotted angel. His lectures had disclosed his Teutonic bias, thus rendering him an object of suspicion to the allies. Doubtless, his affiliations with Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, and Dr. Dumba, ambassador from Austria-Hungary, were not unknown to the British, who had him under constant espionage as a marked man. Once on British soil his apprehension was a simple affair. His offending is for the United States government to consider and punish. That an example will be made of his breach of faith is not unlikely. Self-effacement of Dr. Dumba by his voluntary return to Vienna, in response to a "call" will probably dispose of that branch of the episode. It is doubtful if the United States will see him again in an official capacity. That Captain Franz von Papen, military attache of the German embassy, who referred to the American people as "idiotic Yankees," will be recalled at the request of Washington or handed his passports is the probable procedure; it were a shame to compel the cultured captain to continue his existence among imbeciles. All in all the correspondence reaffirms what has been previously stated, that despite their efficiency and great capabilities than our Teutonic friends a more tactless set of human beings it were difficult to unearth.

FOREIGN LOAN AND OUR ECONOMIC STATUS

WHILE the Anglo-French-American financial conference not yet has come to a definite conclusion the indications are that a loan of probably \$750,000,000 will be agreed upon. What is halting the negotiations is the question of terms. It is a mistake to think that the advantage is all with the lenders. As a matter of fact the borrowers have the "edge" on American bankers in that they already owe about \$300,000,000 on this side of the Atlantic, much of which, in the nature of accepted paper, is in the hands of the New York financiers. Were it not for this the controversy over terms would be easily settled—at the dictation of Americans. But having given enormous credits the problem of making collections presents itself for solution and the Anglo-French commissioners realize that anxiety to protect this line will induce those "holding the bag" to

go easy in the effort to fill it. Truth is, the Americans, in their zeal to fill orders have gone the limit and are getting anxious as to the payments due. Unless the dual governments place a loan over here not only will the \$300,000,000 remain unpaid, but future business will suffer. With the loan effected and a credit balance established it is not likely that our people will be caught napping in this way again. As to the ability of our financial institutions to negotiate the huge loan under consideration last Saturday's New York bank statement reported cash holdings of \$100,000,000 above what they were only four weeks ago, which is a vivid indication of the extraordinary westward flow of gold. Another evidence of our strong economic position is seen in the statement of the federal reserve banks whose gold reserve now stands \$18,000,000 above that of July 1 and \$53,000,000 above that of January 1. Increase in their rediscounts for the year to date has been only \$32,000,000 and the increase in note circulation \$13,000,000. Meanwhile, the movement of European gold in this direction continues on a large scale, while facilities of the new banking system for sustaining local credits or providing for movement of the crops are reported to be as yet virtually untouched.

WHEN A SHEPHERD TURNS LAMB

REVEREND Newell Dwight Hillis of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, appears to have allowed his desire to acquire riches interfere with his professional duty of dispensing theology to that degree of convincingness as to comfort and inspire his congregation. That he has come to grief financially, is, perhaps, not surprising. Ministers of the Gospel, by sticking to their muttons, may succeed in gathering lambs to the fold, but when they drop the role of shepherd and assume the guise of lambs there is likely to be no little bleating and lost wool. In his pulpit last Sabbath Rev. Dr. Hillis gave vocal demonstration of the one and assurance of the other. His speculations, it is authoritatively stated, have cost him about \$200,000, much of which he owes. Years ago Rev. Dr. Hillis succeeded the late Dr. David Swing at Central Church, Chicago, before he went to the Atlantic seaboard to occupy the pulpit once graced by Henry Ward Beecher. At that time he was afflicted with cacoethes scribendi and that itch for writing led him into grave trouble on several occasions. The books he produced on ethical subjects were beautiful specimens of the art preservative, but, alas, in his haste to get royalties he made the mistake of appropriating too many ideas previously given off by Rev. Joseph Parker, Mr. Beecher, Dr. David Swing, Emerson and other ethical literary giants. For this sin of plagiarism he was taken to task by a Chicago newspaper of literary propensities which employed the deadly parallel to accent the local theologian's departure from grace. Dr. Hillis could not deny the printed page, but attributed the "coincidences" to unconscious cerebration and the charge was not pursued, although, we believe, sales of his literary output suffered a slump soon after. Brooklyn extended a call and Chicago lost the brilliant young divine. Possibly in this latest exposure is to be traced a recurrence of the earlier yearning for wealth, which his salary of \$8000 a year and as much again from lectures and writings apparently has not allayed.

Stimulant, Not Anodyne, Wanted

Los Angeles, September 22. To the Editor: There is even more truth than poetry, and this, savin' your face, is saying a great deal, in the quatrain about Taft and the Grand Old Party in the current number of The Graphic. The eminent Webster, he of the art lexicographical, in illustrating by words the meaning of "anodyne," which is used with such artfully artless skill in your quatrain, quotes from Burke as follows:

The anodyne draught of oblivion.

I am sure that our large and genial ex-president, as well as those who so ardently fomented Republican politics reviscent in Southern California last week, would seriously object to your somewhat reckless use of the word anodyne in this connection. What the Republican party needs is a change of doctors and a stimulant rather than a soothing draught. Dr. Taft has combined political business with social pleasures and family ties by feeling the faintly beating pulse of the local Republican party, eagerly assisted by several estimable gentlemen who sadly served as pall-bearers in 1912. Dr. Taft is a heap bigger man—and a better—out of the presidential chair than he was in it. But, it seems of late, as if the siren song of political ambition were sounding sweetly in ears that were dulled but a few years ago. It were almost incredible, however, that Mr. Taft should again play catspaw to the very monkey that pushed him into the fire three years ago. Whatever measure of renewed vitality and success may come to the Republican party in the next presidential campaign will not be at the hands of those principles and men who led it to overwhelming defeat at the last general election. Perhaps, another presidential election may be necessary to prove this. Just now, Barnes, Penrose, et al, are trying to crawl into the tent without carrying water to the sick and thirsty Republican elephant; and they are trying to get Bill Taft to hold up the canvass. C. V. B.

P. S.—Shakespeare wrote of "Some sweet oblivious antidote," but I fear this would prove equally as unsatisfactory as "anodyne."



YEARS ago, in browsing in an old book shop in London, where I was trying to escape a Chicago attack of hay fever, I happened upon a life of "Blackbeard; or Captain Teach, the Pirate of the Spanish Main." It was a tiny volume in black cloth covers—piratical black—and for a frontispiece presented a villainous portrait of Blackbeard, literally armed to the teeth, for he held an old-fashioned horse-pistol between his upper and nether molars, a sword in his right hand, a derring in his left and at his belt, several reserve pepper-boxes. I regret to say that in recrossing the Atlantic the room steward took a fancy to this bit of literature—at least, it disappeared and I have always suspected him, since I caught him devouring its contents one morning. Blackbeard was recalled to my memory this week when at the Old Book Shop I came upon a capital reprint of John Esquemeling's "Buccaneers of America." The sub-title gives assurance that it is "a true account of the most remarkable assaults committed of late years upon the coasts of the West Indies by the buccaneers of Jamaica and Tortuga (both English and French); wherein are contained more especially the unparalleled exploits of Sir Henry Morgan, our English Jamaican hero, who sacked Porto Bello, burnt Panama, etc."

John Esquemeling was a Flanders man, although he has been represented as a native of France. But as his notable history originally appeared in Dutch, it is fair to assume that to be his mother tongue. John was himself a buccaneer and on the title page of his book it is naively set forth that he was "one who was present at those tragedies." His redoubtable narrative first saw light in Amsterdam in 1678, under the title of "De Americaesche Zee Roovers." It attained great popularity, particularly with the Spanish, by whom it was translated in two different impressions in one year. The history received an English translation in 1684, "very much corrected from the errors of the original by the relations of some English gentlemen, that then resided in those parts"—possibly, like Esquemeling, eye-witnesses if not participants in the several assaults, yclept "tragedies" of which the history tells. So far as Esquemeling is concerned his book is considered to give a reliable account of the principal exploits of the buccaneers down to their final disappearance, with the notable exception of their adventures in the South Sea, of which he makes no mention. This defect, however, is remedied by the inclusion of the Basil Ringrose Journal, published in London in 1685, an account exceedingly scarce, which the modern publishers were astute enough to add. Ringrose, also, was a buccaneer, i. e., pirate, and his lively history is of the "Dangerous Voyage and Bold Attempts of Captain Bartholomew Sharp and Others." The author appears to have been engaged as pilot on Sharp's voyage and was killed in a plundering raid. He deserved a better fate for he was talented as a draughtsman as well as proving a graphic writer. The Swan-Sonnenschein edition of 1893, of which I have a copy, presents facsimiles of all the original engravings, including the Ringrose sketches and outline maps.

It is interesting to note the high esteem in which that swashbuckling pirate, Morgan, was held in London at the zenith of his career. I have before adverted to the meeting between him and John Evelyn, as noted in Evelyn's famous diary, in which Morgan figures as anything but a pirate. The English translator of Esquemeling's history, in a foreword to the 1684 edition, gloats over the "unparalleled if not inimitable adventures and heroic exploits of our own countrymen and relations, whose undaunted and exemplary courage, when called upon by our king and country, we ought to emulate." But whatever may be said of the prowess of the English buccaneers it is clearly evinced that the valor of officers and soldiers defending the cities of Porto Bello, Panama, Puerto del Principe, San Pedro, Chagre and elsewhere along the Spanish main was of the highest order. Witness the heroic work of the garrison of Chagre. Of the 314 soldiers only thirty remained alive when the castle surrendered to Morgan and of the thirty twenty were wounded and not one officer survived. In the sacking of Panama 600 brave Spaniards were sacrificed, 500 at Gibraltar and almost as many more at Puerto de Principe, all dying with their arms in their hands and facing bravely the enemy. In the attack upon the town of San Pedro by the notorious L'Ollonais, his advance was manfully resisted with great loss of life, redounding to the credit of the defenders even if they were unsuccessful. The personal valor of their commanders is well attested in the examples set by the governors of Gibraltar, Puerto del Principe, and of Chagre, who fought to the end and refused to surrender.

In the assault upon Porto Bello Morgan caused his prisoners, mainly priests and nuns, to carry the scaling ladders, that he had ordered made, to the walls of the castle. Knowing the governor's reverence for the church he figured that rather than fire upon the religious women and ecclesiastical persons he would suffer them to approach unmolested. But he underestimated the sturdiness of his opponent who had sent word to the buccaneers that he would never surrender. Although the nuns and priestly ladder bearers entreated him not to fire, but to capitulate, his reply was a sharp volley before which many of the non-combatants fell. But the broad ladders were placed and up rushed the

pirates, three or four abreast. The castle was taken, but the governor continued to fight. His wife and daughter entreated him on their knees to demand quarter. The courageous officer replied: "By no means; I had rather die as a valiant soldier than be hanged as a coward." He fell pierced by a dozen pikes. What was the fate of his women one shudders to think. Esquemeling does not particularize, but the pirates having taken possession of the castle fell to committing all manner of debauchery and excess. In this raid on Porto Bello the spoils yielded 250,000 pieces of eight (worth about \$1.25 or \$312,000) besides linens, cloths, silks and other valuable merchandise. The cash prize to each man was large, but arrived at the common rendezvous, Jamaica, the money was soon dissipated in all sorts of vice and debauchery, leaving the prodigals broke and ready to enter upon a new foray.

In this connection it is interesting to note the manner of preparing for a voyage of depredation and of the award of prize money. Before the pirates go to sea, says Esquemeling, the leader notifies each man how many pounds of powder and bullets he is obligated to furnish. In victualling the ship a raid was usually made upon Spanish hogyards for flesh. This accomplished, a council was called on board when certain articles were agreed to which everyone, including the chief, was bound to observe. Therein was specified, for instance, the individual division of funds to be obtained on the voyage, including a stipulation as to the recompense or reward each should have who was wounded or maimed in his body. For the loss of a right arm six hundred pieces of eight or six slaves; left arm, five hundred pieces; right leg the same; left leg four hundred pieces of eight. An eye was valued at one hundred pieces while the loss of a finger brought the same amount, which would seem to have been an unequal award. All these payments were taken out of the capital stock or common sum obtained by the piratical adventure. An exact and equal dividend was made of the remainder among them all, with due regard to quality and place. Thus the captain, or chief, was allotted five or six portions as compared with the ordinary pirate. Even the small boys, the powder monkeys, drew half a share, showing that the apprentices to this noble profession were by no means slighted.

Pierre le Grand appears to have been the original pirate. Esquemeling explains that the term pirate is used for no other reason than that he is not maintained or upheld in his action by any sovereign prince. When Morgan's raids were so bitterly resented by "his Catholic majesty" the king of Spain, his gracious highness, the king of England, replied that he had never given any patents or commissions to the molesters; that such men did not commit those acts of hostility and piracy as subjects of the English king; therefore, his Catholic majesty might proceed against them according as he should see fit. Pierre le Grand was a native of Dieppe. His first exploit was in capturing the vice-admiral's ship of the Spanish fleet which yielded a magnificent prize. Did he continue his piratical career? Not he! The canny Norman immediately set sail for France, carrying with him all the riches he found in that huge vessel. "Here he continued without ever returning to America," naively relates John Esquemeling.

Perhaps, the bloodthirstiest of all pirates was Francis L'Ollonais, of Les Sables d'Ollone, France, who in his youth had been transported to the Caribbee Islands as a slave. When he turned pirate he notified the Spaniards that he would give no quarter. At Gibraltar in the Gulf of Venezuela, and at Maracaibo he tortured the prisoners, and when he could not learn the hiding places of the valuables he amused himself by hacking the poor Spaniards to bits with his sharp cutlass. His plunder he carried off to the isle of Tortuga, after his men had ravished all the women prisoners. But the Indians of Darien proved to be his Nemesis. At the mouth of the Nicaragua river he was set upon by Indians and Spaniards who after killing many of his men drove L'Ollonais to the coast of Cartagena where the Darien Indians took him prisoner and tore him to pieces alive, throwing his body limb by limb into the fire, and his ashes into the air, "to the intent no trace nor memory might remain of so infamous and inhuman a creature." Adds Esquemeling: "One of his companions gave me an exact account of the aforesaid tragedy; affirming withal that he himself had escaped the same punishment, not without the greatest of difficulties."

But L'Ollonais was only a little worse than his fellow pirates. In spite of the "great achievements" of the "heroic" Morgan let us see what he was, as depicted by one of his followers, the Flemish pirate, Esquemeling. The author says that as soon as any beautiful woman was brought into Morgan's presence, he used all the means he could, both of rigor and mildness, to bend her to his pleasure. He instances the young and virtuous wife of a rich merchant of Tavoga whom he strove to win by civility but was constantly repulsed. Finding her still obdurate he showed great harshness, and then fearing that his followers would object to his manner of treatment gave it out that she was a Spanish spy. Esquemeling tells: "I myself was an eyewitness to these things here related, and could never have judged such constancy of mind and virtuous chastity to be found in the world, if my own eyes and ears had not informed me thereof." February 24, 1671, Morgan left the city of Panama, or rather where it used to stand, carrying his spoils on one hundred and seventy-five beasts of burden, laden with gold, silver and other precious things, besides six hundred prisoners, men, women, children and slaves. The shrieks of the women as they moved off affected Morgan not in the least, remarks the historian. The beautiful young wife, it is gratifying to learn, was finally ransomed without having fallen a victim to Morgan's lust. Yet this was the scoundrel who at a later date was to be knighted by the English king and made lieutenant-governor of Jamaica, in which capacity, history says, "he showed considerable energy in suppressing piracy!"

Part IV of the "Buccaneers of America" is devoted

to the adventures of Captains Sharp, Coxon, Harris and others who set forth with the avowed purpose of pillaging and plundering the Central American towns in the vicinity of Darien. Here Ringrose takes up the narrative and we find him reciting the story of plunder and rapine on one page and piously thanking God on the next for preserving his life in one of the many scimmages encountered. It is a curious narrative and fitly supplements the earlier told history by John Esquemeling. Captain Sharp and other of the commanders were tried for piracy on their return to England, at the instance of the Spanish ambassador, but were acquitted of the specific charge of taking the Rosario and killing her captain on the plea that as the Spaniard fired first they were justified in defending themselves. Ringrose himself was killed as earlier stated. Esquemeling's history is a classic in its way, despite the subject treatment. He had a wide observation, aside from the acts of piracy described and I can understand why his book was highly regarded by the savants of the seventeenth century for its accuracy of statement and ingenious presentation of little known facts.

S. T. C.

THRILLS AND GIGGLES IN FILM PEACE PLAY

By Randolph Bartlett

FOR months we have been hearing a great deal of the propaganda in favor of preparedness, of which Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America" is the Koran. For rather fewer months we have been told that Mr. Maxim was giving J. Stuart Blackton, one of the principal owners of the Vitagraph company, the benefit of his assistance in preparing a great educational film, "The Battle Cry of Peace," which was to demonstrate to the public the helplessness of this country in the event of an attack by a hostile power, armed with modern machinery of warfare. Great revelations were expected, and anticipations fostered by an extensive publicity campaign. "Cabiria" and "The Clansman" were to be outdone in spectacular features and thrills, and there was to be, in addition, an important lesson for the American people.

Finally, the film was completed, and presented at high prices at the Vitagraph Theater. Yet New York seems to remain calm, and has not called mass meetings to send delegates to Washington demanding that her military nakedness be clothed. It is quite disappointing, probably more so to the Vitagraph company than to those who paid the price of a dinner at Rector's to see the picture. Several faults in this elaborately prepared brief for preparedness against war are so glaring that they must be considered before the film itself is described.

First of all, it is tedious, because there is so much reading matter. Retrospect forces the belief that fully one-third of the film consists of literature, explaining the situation, and appealing to the public. "This might happen to your family," "To send improperly trained and armed men against an efficient army is murder," and all that sort of thing, true as it may be, grows rather tiresome in two or three hours. Then, too, the advocates of pure peace propaganda were represented as an aggregation of sapheads, controlled by foreign spies. A railway magnate, supposed to own most of the lines in the United States, was set up as a straw man, and ridiculed. Imagine a man of that caliber getting into a free-for-all fight at a peace meeting, and going home with his clothing in shreds, and his eyes blackened, or doing such a silly thing as tossing into the air several white doves with ribbons attached. It weakened the real argument by weakening the element at which the argument was directed, and betrayed the mind of the fanatic. It would have been just as easy to have made the peace advocates men of sincerity and brains, as they are, right or wrong, instead of lampooning them for the sake of a little cheap comedy.

At the opening performance (I do not know whether or not this has been remedied since) the most distracting feature was a return to the old time practice of providing noise behind the scenes to illustrate the action of the picture. If a cannon boomed, the bass drum was walloped. If there was a rifle volley, strong men with little whips flayed canvas stretchers. If the fire department went past, bells rang. A mob hooted and groaned in the panic scene, and provided the hand-clapping for the picture of Hudson Maxim delivering his lecture on modern military equipment. And in and out through it all, a man with a slide trombone and no conscience, slid up and down the scale, glissando, representing goodness only knows what. Never in all my life (and I have heard a Chinese orchestra at rehearsal) have my ears been so ravished. How much more effective the splendid choruses that were employed to lend color to the big scenes of "Cabiria" and the Griffith masterpiece!

But the greatest shortcoming of all lay in this, that the film did not, and could not prove anything. When you say that the American fleet is inadequate, and too widely scattered, and that the guns of the coast defense have not the range of those on the modern dreadnaught, you have told the story. It adds not a scintilla of evidence to show a battleship out at sea spurt a cloud of smoke, and then switch the film to a city scene and show a building blown to bits. That is not proof but deduction, and the simplest mind in New York (well, perhaps that is a little strong) would realize this. In other words, without the elaborately stated case in the reading matter, the picture would prove nothing. In still other words, the picture could not exist without the argument.

Then there are many minor flaws. After the invading force has completely subjugated New York, in order to give the slow-moving and merely incidental drama of individuals a new fillip, a shell is sent crashing through a house by one of the invaders' battleships. It must be from an enemy vessel, because all of the defense ships have been destroyed. It seems hardly reasonable that the enemy would drop shells into a city where thousands of his own troops are quartered. In another startling scene, a troop of cav-

alry keeps well up with a motorcycle squad which overhauls a flying high-powered automobile. In the argot of the hour, some horses!

The virtues of the film are those of a particularly good edition of the Pathe Weekly, say a military and naval supplement. And the photography is unquestionably the best I ever saw, not barring either of the two big spectacles I have mentioned, which have been the standards in picture making, as well as in scene construction. In this latter feature "The Battle Cry of Peace" is supreme, particularly in a few sections showing New York in festive garb, not suspecting the sudden doom about to overtake it. There is a picture of Times Square with all the big electric signs in full blaze, and so quick was the camera's optic nerve that every flicker of the mechanical incandescent advertisements was shown. There was a great novelty in a picture taken by a camera in one of the "shoot-the-chutes" boats at Luna Park, and the audience received all the sensations of going down this slide. The ubiquitousness of the noise brigade behind the screen may be imagined from the fact that for this scene a few girls screeched just as they do in such cases. Another striking scene was the sinking of a battleship, this being a cleverly faked one of course, but none the less spectacular. Still another was a view of the lower, or skyscraper end of Manhattan Island, taken from an aeroplane.

Of the military and naval scenes, the most interesting were several showing the handling of torpedoes, and how they speed off after their prey, leaving a trail of bubbles in their wake. The operation of submarines, or at least a few surface evolutions of these nimble craft was portrayed also. There was little else that has not been seen in moving and still pictures frequently.

All this is strung along the slenderest thread of a story. Hudson Maxim is seen lecturing upon America's defenselessness. The romantic or dramatic interest is provided by the presence in the front row of that popular Vitagraph actor, Charles Richman. Mr. Maxim tells the audience something, the audience applauds (hand-clapping behind the screen), a long paragraph of reading matter tells you what Mr. Maxim said, and so on for a considerable time. Mr. Richman goes home and tells his mother, sister, and brother what he has seen and heard at the lecture, which is very kind of him, but a little tedious for the audience. Continuing to spread the news of possible peril, he goes to the home of his fiancée, who is the daughter of the magnate aforesaid, but the magnate will not listen, being for peace, hook, line, and sinker, and irretrievably under the influence of a foreign spy. The spy also loves the magnate's daughter, but, we fear (and our fears are later confirmed) not in the honorable way Mr. Richman loves her, and she will shoot him for it later, too, —but we are treading upon our own heels.

Mr. Richman is always the hero of the film in which he appears, and the girl he loves can trust him implicitly. She does, but her father doesn't, or at last "pooh-poohs" his arguments, and goes to another peace meeting. In fact, he goes to two. The first one breaks up in the riot heretofore mentioned, and the second one is interrupted by a shell from an enemy's battleship. The carnage is fearful. New York is destroyed, said destruction being typified by the demolition of a private residence or so, and the burning down of a long row of ramshackle, one-story sheds, palpably erected for no other purpose. To make it more terrifying, the picture cuts back to these sheds several times. It is very impressive.

The citizens are advised to abandon New York, and there are several rods of film showing the hurried heira. The spy turns Judas and delivers over the magnate and Mr. Richman to the commander of the invading force, and they are taken out somewhere with many other prisoners and mowed down with a machine gun. The spy then tries to do just what we suspected all the time he would, if he ever had a chance, but the girl, as remarked ayont, shoots him dead with his own gun. She, her mother, her sister, her brother, and Mr. Richman's brother, pile into an automobile to fly from the horrible place, and just by accident happen to pass the scene where the magnate and Mr. Richman were mowed down by the machine gun of the first part aforesaid, and they find that Mr. Richman, apparently, has been only stunned by the bullet and still lives, but the magnate is quite dead, because there would have been no room for him in the already overlaid automobile, anyhow. So Mr. Richman gets into the machine, which is promptly pursued by motorcycles and cavalry of the enemy, as already mentioned.

The commander of the invaders does not know that Mr. Richman has been mowed down by a machine gun, seemingly, though he was present at the affair. But he takes a fancy to the late magnate's daughter, who seems to be a natural magnet to foreigners, and, come to think of it, you can hardly blame them. (I sent my program to the Photoplay Magazine with a review, [adv.] so cannot tell you the lady's name.) Mr. Richman, thinking to test out the remark of Horatius: "How can man die better than facing fearful odds," hits the commander of the enemy an uppercut. Then they "rattle" around some, Mr. Richman doing pretty well for a man who was mowed down that day by a machine gun, but it was another proof of our unpreparedness, for the commander had studied with Dr. Roller, apparently, and soon had Mr. Richman where one of his men could neatly skewer him with a bayonet. There was a good deal of feminine screeching at this point, though whether it was provided by the hirelings behind the screen, or by the numerous admirers of Mr. Richman in the audience, is difficult to say. All I can vouch for is that Mr. Richman was skewered and that there were suitable screeches, of the feminine variety, as it seemed doubtful if he would recover from this second assassination by the cowardly dogs.

The commander, now free to pursue his nefarious scheme, takes the two daughters and the wife of the late magnate to a house near by, locks them in a room, and proceeds to sample the drinkables. (Parenthetically, I would point out that Mr. Blackton overlooked an opportunity here to make himself solid with the

Prohibitionists, by indicating that all these terrible things could have been avoided if the country had spent on war munitions and armament the money it wastes on liquor? Still, as Prohibitionists are usually for peace at any price, the situation is not so simple, is it?) Meanwhile, the magnate's wife takes the gun with which her daughter killed the spy, and shoots both her daughters, herself going insane. A pretty little scene, especially designed for the entertainment of women and children.

Then after a few more reels of devastation there comes the reassurance that these things did not happen at all, and Mr. Richman, unmowed and unskewered, is shown in the bosom of his family, wearing a boy scout's costume, and very handsome he is in it, too, preparing to do his part in defending his native land. The picture ends with a series of scenes showing how everyone can aid in the good work by joining the national defense league. There are a few allegorical pictures of Columbia triumphant over war, and it is all over.

I have tried to tell this story seriously, but I am afraid that I have at times been not entirely successful. Personally, I think the film is a mess. I may be entirely wrong. I hope I am. Mr. Blackton is a sincere man, and he has done his utmost to interest the country in a serious problem. As an individual, I am for peace, but, living on this edge of the continent I do not feel nearly so firm in the matter of economizing upon coast defenses as I did when I was a few thousand miles farther from the Arabic debate.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

SAN FRANCISCO will breathe more freely after next Tuesday if, as is hoped, Mayor Rolph is re-elected at the primary. That will be the most conclusive rebuke to Eugene Schmitz' brazen attempt to rehabilitate his political fortune, and will also squelch for the time being, at all events, the ambitions of the noisy Andy Gallagher. There are thousands of citizens who have no particular admiration for Rolph, who complain that he carries water on both shoulders—an acrobatic feat that frequently insures the success of politicians—and who resent his "playing to the gallery," but they will be found casting a silent vote for him because their antipathy to Rolph is trivial in comparison with the danger and disgrace that would result from the election of either of the other two principal candidates. And, on the other hand, there are tens of thousands with whom "Sunny Jim's" popularity is undoubted. He enjoys the spectacular, and so do the majority.

* * *

Gallagher's most serious arraignment of Rolph seems to be the charge that the business men contributed \$75,000 to secure his election four years ago and that he frequently wears a plug hat. Rolph responded quite seriously to the latter accusation when he assured a gathering of workmen that "as your official representative, meeting the dignitaries of the nation and of foreign countries, I shall continue to wear a plug hat so long as that is the custom on such occasions." So that momentous issue is settled, but it may be realized that campaign material is somewhat scarce and thin. However, this question of a mayor's head-gear is sufficiently serious to impel Rolph to be photographed last Sunday in a fireman's cap, and his familiar features had already appeared in public print under the cap of a municipal motorman. He constantly reminds his audiences that he carries a union card, and that he holds honorary membership in a number of unions.

* * *

It is because of Rolph's strength among union men that the prediction is made that Gallagher will poll fewer votes than Schmitz. For instance, 106 out of 132 members of the carpet workers' union are active Rolph workers, and it is claimed that every stonemason in the city will vote for him. Meanwhile, the San Francisco labor council has passed, by a vote of 9 to 6, strong resolutions repudiating Schmitz' candidacy, reminding its members of the "terrible stigma" cast upon union labor through its "mistaken loyalty" in the past.

* * *

Registrar Zemansky, whose predictions in the past have entitled him to respect, thinks that 125,000 out of the 180,000 votes registered will be polled at the primary. There is little betting on the election, but the original odds of 7 to 5 on Rolph have been lengthened to 2 to 1, while even money on his victory at the primary is offered.

* * *

Attendance at the Exposition continues to be thoroughly satisfactory, the average recently being a million every thirteen days and the total number of visitors passing the 13,000,000 mark last Sunday. This week is being celebrated by the seven Southern California counties who are keeping "open house" at the California building and distributing souvenirs of almonds, ripe olives and olive oil. The celebration concludes Saturday night when some of the wonders of the south will be depicted in fireworks.

* * *

David R. Francis, president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, held in St. Louis eleven years ago, is the interested and honored guest of the week. The Missouri Society of California took a leading part on Tuesday in the festivities arranged in Francis' honor.

* * *

Boosters from the state of Washington intend to make their presence felt next week. With bands and marching orders they will descend upon the Exposition for four days' invasion, five thousand strong. They have adopted "Fast and Furious" for their slogan, and among the features of their program is announced a Marathon dance. A Seattle society known as the Tillikums promises to keep things lively.

* * *

Melba who has been enjoying the hospitality of many friends during a rest of several weeks after her strenu-

(Continued on Page 5)



With the Modern Poets - - - ---by Eunice Tietjens



As to Polyphonic Prose

TO many people it seems to be a matter of great concern that among the numerous forms of experimentation in the making of verse which our poets are using today, it is at times difficult to distinguish which, strictly speaking, are poetry and which are prose. Others of us cannot see that academic distinctions of this sort have any real value when dealing with anything so fluid and so instinct with life as contemporary poetry. But mankind has an unfortunate habit when he meets a new thing of wishing to catalogue it before he can decide whether to enjoy it or not. We are all so full of preconceived notions! So the discussion wages merrily. Is "Spoon River" poetry? Are Amy Lowell's recent effusions poetry? What are "polyrhythmics" like James Oppenheim's? What does Carl Sandburg write? etc., etc. It seems a little like arguing whether a mermaid is a woman or a fish—what does it matter since she is obviously a work of art?—but it is at least a harmless occupation and it probably will not materially affect the works in question.

One of these mermaid forms has recently been imported from France by that most energetic of all our poets, Amy Lowell. This form is called "polyphonic prose" and in her hands it has already won several devoted admirers, chief among them John Gould Fletcher, who is himself experimenting with it. The history of this form is briefly this. In 1897 Paul Fort, then a young man in the early twenties, issued in Paris a book called "Ballades Francaises." These ballads were written in a form which, printed like prose, had still a resemblance to poetry in that it had considerable rhythmic regularity and that it had irregularly recurring, yet very definite, rhymes and assonances. In the preface to these volumes Pierre Louys, himself a poet of note, said: "The Ballades Francaises are little poems in polymorphous verse or in the familiar alexandrines, but which conform to the normal form of prose, and which require (this point is important) not the diction of verse, but that of rhythmic prose. The occasional return of rhyme and assonance alone distinguishes this form from lyric prose. We cannot doubt that this is a completely new style." This little ballad shows M. Fort's earlier use of the form, and also the clever way in which he bound his little pieces together by repetition.

L'Orage

Bleu de plomb, le ciel plombe, bleu de plomb naturellement.—"Va-t-on soutenir longtemps le ciel? Jesus-Dieu, c'est fatigant!"

Bleu celeste, il se releve, bleu celeste naturellement.—"Toucherons-nous jamais au ciel? Mon doux Jesus, comme c'est long!"

Nul n'aime Dieu sans etre heureux et n'invoque en vain son saint nom. Voici le ciel qui redescend, bleu de plomb, bleu de plomb.

As Paul Fort's great talent has developed his use of this form has become materially freer, his rhythms less regular and his rhymes less insistent. In his hands it is undoubtedly a very flexible and beautiful form, capable of infinite variety and subtlety. And it is particularly welcome in French, which lacks both the Greek quantitative values and the accented syllables of English, so that the French poets have rhythmic difficulties which we are fortunately spared. Although Paul Fort has had several followers in French I can find no record of the use of polyphonic prose in English between 1897 and 1914. At all events, it did not come into prominence until Miss Lowell began to use it about a year ago. Like every form which Miss Lowell uses she has adapted polyphonic prose to her own very individualistic work. But the following excerpt from "The Bombardment," one of her best known works in this form, which was originally published in Poetry, will show how great is her debt to Paul Fort. Notice how she, too, makes use of repetition:

"Slowly, without force, the rain drops into the city. It stops a moment on the carved head of St. John, then slides on again, slipping and trickling over his stone cloak. It splashes from the conduit of a gargoyle, and falls from it in turmoil on the stones in the cathedral square. Where are the people, and why does the fretted steeple sweep about in the sky? Boom! The sound swings against the rain. Boom, again! After it, only water rushing in the gutters, and the turmoil from the spout of the gargoyle. Silence. Ripples and mutters. Boom!"

"The room is damp, but warm. Little flashes swarm about from the firelight. The lustres of the chandelier are bright, and clusters of rubies leap in the Bohemian glasses on the etagere. Her hands are restless, but the white masses of her hair are quite still. Boom! Will it never cease to torture, this iteration! Boom! The vibration shatters a glass on the etagere. It lies there formless and glowing, with all its crimson gleams shot out of pattern, spilled, flowing red, blood-red. A thin bell-note pricks through the silence. A door creaks. The old lady speaks: 'Victor, clear away that broken glass.' 'Alas! Madame, the Bohemian glass!' 'Yes, Victor, one hundred years ago my father brought it—' Boom! The room shakes, the servitor quakes. Another goblet shivers and breaks. Boom!"

"Boom! The Cathedral is a torch, and the houses next to it begin to scorch. Boom! The Bohemian glass on the etagere is no longer there. Boom! A stalk of flame sways against the red damask curtains. The old lady cannot walk. She watches the creeping stalk and counts. Boom!—Boom!—Boom!"

.... "Now the streets are swarming with people. They seek shelter, and crowd into the cellars. They shout and call, and over all, slowly and without force, the rain drops into the city. Boom! And the steeple



Harriet Monroe, Editor of Poetry

crashes down among the people. Boom! Boom, again! The water rushes along the gutters. The fire roars and mutters. Boom!"

Opinions on the value of this form differ greatly. It seems to be a matter of temperament whether we like it or not. The arguments in its favor are that it gives a very great freedom and flexibility without entirely losing the sense of form, and that it preserves the decorative quality of rhyme without being in any way bound by it. John Gould Fletcher, writing in Poetry, says of it:

"In my opinion Miss Lowell has, in her latest examples of this peculiar form, resolved in a great measure the difficulties which confront all English poets who attempt to say something new today. The quandary which faces the earnest creator of poetry in the English-speaking countries is, that while he has at his disposal in the English language, the most superb instrument of sense and sound ever forged, he is utterly prevented from making use of its resources by the beggarly poverty of certain rhymes and meters which have been worn threadbare by generation after generation of poets, who could find no satisfying means of escape from them. . . .

"It is true that a few brave young spirits have tried to face this difficulty and to rid themselves of it by writing exclusively in an old form called vers libre, which is dependent on cadence, and not on rhyme or metrical pattern. But a critical examination of the work of the best of these young poets—Aldington, H. D., Flint, Pound—proves that their attempt has not been altogether successful. The art of poetry demands as great a mastery of sound-quality as of substance-quality. Intense and concise grasp of substance is not enough; the ear instinctively demands that this bare skeleton be clothed fittingly with all the beautiful and subtle orchestral qualities of assonance, alliteration, rhyme and return.

"This orchestral quality Miss Lowell has developed to the utmost. Therefore, it seems fitting that a new name should be given to these poems of hers, which, printed as prose, or as prose and verse interspersed, display all the colors of the chromatic palette. The title that suits them best is that of polyphonic prose. Here are the Beethoven symphonies, the Bach fugues, the Cesar Franck chorales, of poetry. It is an art most difficult of attainment, and not easy of appreciation."

Arguments against this form are that, although it has essentially the two factors which fundamentally distinguish poetry from prose, the heightened mood and the sense of economy, it is yet printed as prose, and thereby puts the reader at the outset in the wrong psychological mood. In our prose mood we read rapidly, taking in the meaning of whole blocks of words at once, and getting a general idea of the contents, but no very concrete sense of each word. In our poetry mood on the other hand we read slowly, and economically, and each word tells with triple force. In reading polyphonic prose, therefore, the tendency is to read rapidly and loosely. And in that mood the constant recurrence of the internal rhymes and poetic figures comes like a series of jolts which is not pleasant. Whether polyphonic prose is to be a regular part of our English prosody time alone can tell. It is still too

early to forecast. But, certainly, we owe Miss Lowell our thanks for having brought it to our attention.

* * *

The Poet in the Desert

In "The Poet in the Desert" Charles Erskine Scott Wood has written a remarkable book. It is not a big book of poetry, but it is the book of a big personality, the personality of a man familiar with all the evils of the world, yet fired with passionate love of humanity; of a lawyer who yet sees beyond the law; of a man who might be a great poet if he chose to weigh and measure his words, yet who chooses to be a social prophet. In places this book, both in its form and content, might be an early Hebrew prophecy, contemporary with Isaiah. In places, it is a handbook of modern anarchism. In places, Whitman might have written it. Sometimes it is filled with sheer and almost terrible beauty, at other times it is propagandist roaring. It is one of those books which boldly disregard all rules and demand a new standard by which to judge them. It is big, chaotic, broad, careless and beautiful. It is as impossible to describe this book as to describe a personality, and it is all too much of a piece to quote. But if one should care to touch minds with a man fired with a passion of yearning for the universe, let him read "The Poet in the Desert." It is not great poetry as a whole, but it is great stuff!

* * *

Since I have spoken of Mr. Wood as being a lawyer, it is interesting to note that poetry and the law seem to make an excellent pair of running mates. Edgar Lee Masters is a lawyer, at present practicing in Chicago. He was at one time partner of Clarence Darrow, but when Darrow came to Los Angeles in connection with the Times dynamiting case Masters disapproved and dissolved the partnership. Nor is he the only poet lawyer, for Arthur Davison Ficke, whose work is totally different, also practices law, in Davenport, Iowa. Perhaps, it is because a man in this profession learns to see so deeply into human nature that he comes, naturally, to write about it. Perhaps, it is because an objective life of this sort is an excellent corrective for the naturally subjective poet temperament. At all events the combination seems a good one.

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In a recent contest in versification held by the Los Angeles Evening Herald the first prize was awarded to Mrs. Pauline Barrington, whose work has frequently appeared in The Graphic. Mrs. Barrington is just beginning the serious study of poetry writing, but she has distinct talent and it is good to see it recognized.

* * *

Blast, the English periodical which intended to be a quarterly, but which the war blasted after its first number, has unexpectedly come to life again, after a full year's silence, with a "war number." This magazine is the organ of a group of young men who seem to the present writer to be harmless lunatics, and who call themselves "Vorticists." Their credo, if one may judge by their actions—not their words, for they have so far left the English language behind as to be almost unintelligible—should run something like this: We believe in the almighty value of publicity, in the divinity of absurdity, in the sound of our own voices, and the miracles of black-faced type. We look for the perdition of England and the salvation of the few through futurist art. Selah!

Among the illustrations is a portrait bust of Ezra Pound, one of their members, by Gaudier-Brzeska, another of their members who has recently been killed in the war. This is a childish bit of the new sculpture, blocked out in simple planes into a faint resemblance to a human head. In the literary review of the Chicago Evening Post Mr. Llewellyn Jones has described it in a fashion that has our hearty approbation. He says:

"We should not be surprised if this is a better likeness than opponents of advanced sculpture would be willing to admit. Certainly, if the sculptor's intent is to give—as the modernist art critics phrase it—the 'significant form' suggested by that person's head, success has crowned the effort. The observer will notice in this work the beard of a goat, a mouth especially shaped to the grin and leer, and eyes that are not structurally adapted for the expression of any really human emotion. Nor is any material wasted in making an unnecessarily high brow. Taken as a whole the work has a remarkable resemblance to a tombstone, and it might well stand as such over the early genius of its subject."

Oddly enough, as out of place as a bit of carved jade in a jumble of tinsel Christmas-tree ornaments, there is one real poem in this number of Blast by that sterling craftsman and true poet Ford Madox Hueffer. This is called "The Old Houses of Flanders" and it does what it can to redeem the inanity of the rest.

* * *

We reprint the following charming poem to "The Water Cuzel," the little California bird that skips among the water-falls, from Poetry. It is by Harriet Monroe, who has just returned to Chicago after a short trip to the coast:

Little brown surf-bather of the mountains!
Spirit of foam, lover of cataracts, shaking your wings in
falling waters!
Have you no fear of the roar and rush when Nevada
plunges—
Nevada, the shapely dancer, feeling her way with slim
white fingers?
How dare you dash at Yosemite the mighty—
Tall white-limbed Yosemite, leaping down, down, over the
cliff?
Is it not enough to lean on the blue air of mountains?
Is it not enough to rest with your mate at timber-line,
in bushes that hug the rocks?
Must you dash through mad waters where the heaped-up
granite breaks them?
Must you batter your wings in the torrent?
Must you plunge for life or death through the foam?

From the Golden Gate
(Continued from Page 3)

ous campaign in Australia gave the first of two concerts here Sunday afternoon. There was not a vacant seat in the Cort Theater, and the great artiste proved that she is still the possessor of the most peerless voice of a generation. It is no secret that the diva will be fifty years young next March. Sunday afternoon, also, Olga Steeb scored signal success at Festival Hall, being heard with the Exposition orchestra in Grieg's E flat concert and in Schubert's S Major Symphony. The little Los Angeles pianist, great in her art, is always popular here.

* * *

Margaret Anglin will devote the third week of her engagement at the Columbia to the production of a biblical play written by Charles Phillips, the editor of the Monitor, the leading Catholic paper of San Francisco. The play is called "The Divine Friend," and Mary of Magdala is the prominent figure. Miss Anglin is enthusiastic over the play for which Theodore Vogt has written incidental music.

* * *

Another campaign was launched against Sunday performances in the theater when the Rev. Walter E. Bantley, who formerly was on the stage and is now secretary of the Actors' Church Alliance, preached at Grace Cathedral. Dr. Bentley predicted that when women vote throughout the country Sunday performances will cease, "or at least if actors must labor on Sunday they will be paid for it, and that will end the whole bad business."

* * *

Wholesome and instructive warfare continues to be waged by the Examiner against the notorious evils and impudent swindles of the lotteries. The extent of the swindle may be glimpsed from the testimony of one of the distributing agents of the powerful M and F Company who declared that his weekly distribution averaged 61,000 tickets. The Examiner charges that "lottery, as it is conducted in San Francisco, is a sure-thing game, with no one but the men in control of the companies and their agents standing any fair chance to win." Responsibility for the flagrantly unlawful traffic seems to be fairly divided between the police and the district attorney's office.

* * *

News of Bishop Conaty's sudden death caused deep sorrow among his many friends and admirers here who only a few months ago listened to his eloquent sermon at Archbishop Riordan's funeral. The Knights of Columbus immediately canceled a celebration which had been scheduled for this week.

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Mrs. William Kent, wife of the congressman, quelled the one hysterical outbreak at the convention of women voters last week by adjuring the noisy dissentients to "behave like gentlemen."

San Francisco, September 21.

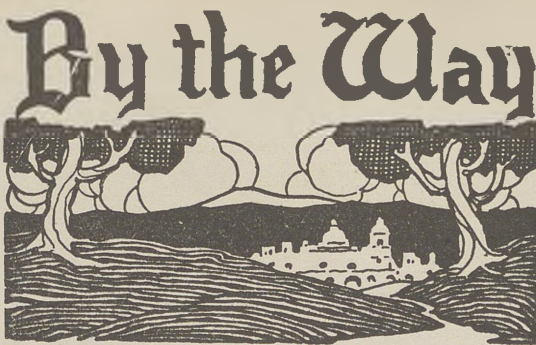
R. H. C.

"Dress Up" Time for Men Folks

Next week will be "dress up" week for the men of Los Angeles as well as of the whole country, I hear. Fifty per cent of the population of this city, it is conservatively estimated, are males and if they all go on parade with the intention of indicating prosperity by their garb truly the men will have a fashion show little behind that which delighted the fair sex last week. Merchants have decided that this is the psychological time to urge the abandonment of the old suit and the bursting forth in garments which will reflect America's new position as the fashion center of the world. It should be a gay display, both on the streets and in the shop windows. It is said that one will not be au fait unless there is a velvet collar on his overcoat on cool autumn evenings. To be the glass of fashion the overcoat should be of rough fabric but it is understood there will be allowed a wide choice of colors in blues, grays, greens and oxfords. Really, the styles of the fall are to be according to the tastes of the individual; there are so many cuts and colors that every man can please himself. The suits are to be shaped a little more to the form of the wearer, my tailor friends tell me. Most of the coats will have three buttons, but be not deceived, only two of these are for utility, the other is put there because the master tailor's association so decrees. Plaids, checks, and stripes in many variations are expected to make their appearance next week. For our movie friends there will be the fall models of frock coats which have but a single button and exceedingly generous lapels. Evening clothes will have a more marked waist line. Button top shoes are the thing, except where pumps are demanded, but fancy cloth top shoes are making their appeal as well to the men as to the women. The once-over cravat is again with us but the four-in-hand has not lost its sway. With the return of autumn, derbies are again making their appeal to men and soft hats show a more formal effect. In block the hat crowns are more tapering than in the past, with considerable emphasis on the curl of the brim and dip both in front and rear or in front only, according to the desire of the wearer. America has thrown off the domination of Piccadilly and next week the whole country will be patriotic in giving an animated display of the new styles. The slogan is "Dress up, boys." Phew!

Noted Temperance Worker Called

In the death of Mrs. Lucy Blanchard, which occurred at her Los Angeles home Thursday noon, there has passed one of the pioneer temperance workers of California. Mrs. Blanchard came here to teach school in the late seventies and she was one of the organizers of the Los Angeles W. C. T. U. She was head for nearly thirty years of the Los Angeles Loyal Temperance Legion, if I am not mistaken. She was twice president of the Southern California state W. C. T. U. and at the annual convention of the organization in Pasadena last spring refused to run again for office. More practical in her methods than many of the temperance workers, Mrs. Blanchard wielded a large influence in her chosen work in Los Angeles.



Newspapers and Bishop Conaty's Death

When the wires last Saturday carried the sad tidings of the death of Bishop Conaty at San Diego, Los Angeles read certainly the most notable local news of the week, if not of the month. Most of the papers appreciated the importance of the event and knowing how anxious the public would be to hear the details gave the story commendable display. I was grieved to find the Express playing up a triple murder in Aberdeen, S. D., to the minification of the passing of the good bishop. In its green edition Mr. Earl's evening sheet had an eight column head "Shoots Women, Kills Self." Diligent search disclosed an inch and a half of red type far down on the page telling of a sordid tragedy, fifteen hundred miles away. It was not until one reached the third page that the reader learned of the death of the beloved prelate. The green, I believe, is supposed to be the sport edition and had its heads been confined to sporting events perhaps the placing of the story of Bishop Conaty's demise would not have seemed so inexcusable, but to seize upon a bit of eastern telegraph copy that in most newspaper offices would have been thrown on the floor and place it as the big story of the day was a sad blunder. Presumably, the intent was to create the impression that the shooting was of local interest and thereby increase street sales. It can hardly be pleaded that the story of Bishop Conaty's death had been carried on the front page in earlier editions. It was the biggest event of the day and should have held its place on the front page, where the sagacious Herald maintained it. The morning papers certainly did not regard the story as having outworn itself. All had excellent articles, particularly the Examiner, which had tributes to the memory of Bishop Conaty from practically all the archbishops and bishops in the west. Indicative of the wide interest taken in the death of the bishop and feelings of sympathy which it awakened in many quarters is the fact that General Manager Arthur G. Wells of the Santa Fe sent his private car to San Diego to bring north the body and the friends and relatives who were with the bishop at the end. The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company opened its wires to Taunton, Mass., in order that the sad intelligence might be conveyed to the brothers of Bishop Conaty who lived in that city and the same corporation also gave the use of a line to San Francisco to notify Archbishop Hanna, and to San Diego to make arrangements for the conveying of all that was mortal of the bishop to Los Angeles.

Sunsetters Pay Their Respects

Sunsetters are mourning the demise of their distinguished fellow member, Bishop Conaty. I think one of the most interesting evenings we had had in many months was that time when the able prelate read a paper on "Home Rule in Ireland," a subject in which he was deeply interested and to which he brought a wealth of reading and observation to illumine the discussion. His strong face shone as he dwelt on the emancipation of his native isle and there was much feeling demonstrated in his voice throughout the reading of his highly informative paper. He will be sadly missed at the monthly Friday night gatherings, although of late, due to his impaired health he had been obliged to forego them. Thursday afternoon the Sunsetters, in a body, paid their last respects to the bishop at the Cathedral, where the body lay in state. On the announcement cards, Sunsetters Vetter and Alles caused to be inserted this beautiful quatrain:

Touch the chords gently,
Darken the scene.
Death's in the background,
Angels between.

I do not place it; perhaps, one of the readers of The Graphic may recognize it. Louis Vetter tells me he has had it in his scrap book for years.

Van Loan's Tribute to Hobart Bosworth

In the dedication of his latest book, "Buck Parvin and the Movies," a copy of which I have just received fresh from the press, Charley Van Loan seeks to divide responsibility for the enjoyable stories with Herbert Bosworth, that unique figure who has battled so valiantly with fate and become one of the leaders of the motion picture industry. Says Charley in his dedication to Hobart: "Half the credit is yours and half of the blame; half of the bouquets and half of the brickbats—in fact half of everything connected with this volume, with the sole exception of the author's royalties." Charley concludes the dedication with a characteristic touch which I am moved to quote: "In case you never had a book dedicated to you before, let me explain that it is customary for one so honored to purchase as many copies of the book as possible—at the full list price—and distribute them among his friends. Your friends are legion. I hope you still count among them." Bosworth's friends are legion and that he still counts among them will be testified to by every one whether or not he receives from him a copy of "Buck Parvin and the Movies." It is in every case a friendship founded on sincere respect, for who could have other than the highest respect for a man who battled as bravely as did Hobart Bosworth against the most merciless of mankind's enemies. Bosworth, as leading man for Mrs. Fiske, was near the top of his profession, the

stage, when he was afflicted with tubercular trouble. Sent to California, he did not sulk and hang about the local theaters as so many other actors similarly situated have done. Instead, he went to the desert country and in order that he might forget his physical condition through mental occupation pursued his bent for landscape painting. So persistent was he in this that he not only achieved notable distinction but at Banning, Palm Springs and in Arizona found that in search of which he had come—abundant health. After several seasons in stock at the old Belasco theater he turned to the motion picture industry which was then assuming prominence. Bosworth saw in it a field for his histrionic ability, for he had determined to sever all connection with the close, stuffy stage. Entering the work as an actor he has become as well one of the most noted scenario authors and directors. Van Loan says Bosworth is the original of the Jimmy Montague in the new book.

How Van Loan "Broke In"

Apropos of Van Loan's book of the movies, I am reminded of the story of how the author first broke into the writing game. Charley Van Loan was once upon a time, in the O, so distant past, a bookkeeper for the Standard Oil Company here in Los Angeles, but ambition smoldered in his bosom. He was particularly interested in baseball and by hanging around the city room of the old morning Herald finally obtained an assignment to cover a Sunday ball game. That first "literary commission" of Van Loan's was given him by the Herald city editor, Jack Corey, who is now exchange editor of the Express. When Charley turned in his account of the game Corey was decidedly disappointed. The young man was an enthusiastic fan but the story he had written was a wooden account of runs, hits and outs. "What is the matter, wasn't the game any good?" asked Corey. "Sure, it was a dandy," responded Van Loan. "Why in that second inning when So-and-so tripled, with men on third and first—and there following a glowing account of a wonderful baseball rally. 'Here, here,' shouted Corey. 'Take it and write it that way, don't tell it to me, tell it to the Herald readers.' Van Loan did so with such good effect that not long after he was sporting editor of the Herald, a post he held until the Hearst crowd coaxed him away.

Mischa or Efram?

I see by the Chicago Tribune of September 5 that "Mischa Elman is now a father. His wife, Alma Gluck, has cancelled her dates for the season." Out here on the Pacific Coast we were told that Efram Zimbalist was the father! Can it be that this is simply the latest form of musical publicity or merely another demonstration of how hard it is to keep track of family relationships through the daily press?

Gracious Invitation From Tokyo

To far Japan has extended the fame of The Graphic and from Y. Okura of Tokyo I am in receipt of the following invitation, which I shall cherish not so much for the opportunity it presents as for certain qualities inherent in itself, which will be quickly apparent to the reader: "I have announcement to you that my seventh annual show of foreign periodicals will be held from the later part of October to the end of November, which succeeded last year with four thousands periodicals from any point of the world, at my store for taking new subscriptions for the season of 1916. This is no doubt a good chance to extend your business to Oriental because just the same time we have big celebration of our Mikado's coronation. So I recommend your The Graphic and other publications of Periodicals, Magazines, News Papers appearance on my exhibition this year. Thanking you in anticipation for your kindness to give your terms and best discount for them, Faithfully yours, T. Okura."

Epic or Epicacac?

What fitter subject for an epic poem than "The First Councilwoman of Los Angeles?" In that chalice of literature and the arts, Sunday's Examiner, I find that Cora Scott Pond-Pope has tuned her music to such a lay and so well does she think of her effort that she has applied for copyright protection, doubtless, inspired by the action of the 7000000000 Boosters' Club on a memorable occasion. I would that I could give generous excerpts from Cora's Pond-Pope's masterpiece, but I must respect her application and keep off the grass. Lest her epic has been overlooked let me at least give my readers a breath of her outpouring. After telling of the hush that fell on the council floor when Estelle Lawton Lindsay occupied it with her wondrous grace, the poet proceeds to show her fine scorn for conventional rhymes. "Hearing" and "inn-ing," "time and wine," "thumbs" and "lungs," "sur-render" and "plunder," "sharks" and "darts" are a few of the departures from an fait form permitted by finicky poets, but Cora never blinks an eyelash in her epicac onrushing. This remarkable tribute to Estelle Lawton covers more than three columns of space, together with the graphic illustrations, and I am sure that the "first councilwoman of Los Angeles" has an increased chest measure since she drank it in. It is almost equal to the prize poem on Los Angeles in style and finish and proves conclusively the high inspiration engendered by the 7000000000 Boosters' Club contest.

Wood Type as Screamers

In type exactly three and three-quarters inches high, taking up two-thirds of its front page, the Record announced Wednesday morning a "New York Subway Cave-in," and then told its readers that four persons had been killed in the accident which was given the greatest play accorded any story by a Los Angeles newspaper in years. The Record, possibly, decided to take a leaf out of the experiences of the fake "California Eagle" which a few Sundays ago announced "British Navy Sunk" and succeeded in selling thousands of copies before the public discovered it had been bun-

coed. Big enough type will sell any paper for a short time and the Record seemed to work on that principle, but when a real news story does break I wonder how it can be handled, as upon the proportion of type three and three-quarters inches high to tell of the killing of four persons, the killing of forty would require letters thirty-seven and a half inches in length from top to bottom. So intent was the Record on creating false excitement over the New York disaster that it almost overlooked a big Los Angeles fire, which it referred to as a \$10,000 blaze. However, the first editions of its contemporaries put the fire loss at a million dollars and in its next edition the Record followed suit, placing the subway cave-in where it belonged as a minor story.

Dr. McArthur in Fine Fettle

Friends of Dr. W. T. McArthur, who recently underwent a serious operation at Rochester, Minn., will be pleased to know that he is not merely on the mend but has so far recovered his former good health as to be able to enjoy duck and sage hen hunting at the Montana Hunting Club on Red Rock Lake in that state. Writing under date of September 18 Dr. McArthur says, "I am feeling pretty fine again—able to tramp over the mountains and paddle in the lake with the others." He reports having seen snow and has experienced fine weather for the sport he was pursuing and advises that he will be back in Los Angeles next week.

Here's Variety for You

Twice within a month it has come to my notice that the artists who produce the alleged "comic" strips for the daily papers have used the old theme of the "lady barber" while awaiting them right here on Main Street is a fine possibility for a variation of that ancient subject. I refer to the "lady bootblacks" who have made their appearance along that interesting thoroughfare?

Extravagances of the Movie Press Agents

Dramatic writers may rail at the extravagant claims of motion picture publicity men but I notice that they continue to swallow whole the figures which the imaginative press agents feed them. Monroe Lathrop had an excellent article in the Tribune Sunday calling attention to the amount of stage money the motion picture companies circulate in their publicity matter. Under a thin disguise he referred to the most noted of motion picture features, a war film which its producers announce cost \$500,000, but which Monroe states scores of men in Los Angeles actually know cost but a fifth of that sum. Yet a few days later I find the dramatic column of the Tribune giving publicity to statements that in a recent fire a famous motion picture concern lost a Mary Pickford film produced at an expense of \$75,000 and another big spectacle well under way and which had already cost \$100,000 was destroyed. The public is expected to believe, apparently, that although the greatest film ever produced cost but \$100,000, another concern has several of equal value lying around where the flames may easily find them. Many years ago stage press agents discovered the futility of expecting to convince the public that their enormous figures were anything but a joke. Movie publicity men do not seem to have learned the lesson.

Amateur Players to Exchange Courtesies

It is a pleasure to learn that the Amateur Players of Montecito, the opening of whose pretty "Country Playhouse" was described in The Graphic two weeks ago, are to come to Los Angeles early in November to give a performance under the auspices of the Los Angeles Amateur Players. Mrs. William Miller Graham of Montecito has notified Mrs. Hancock Banning that the Montecito amateurs are preparing to return the courtesy of the local players, who will take the initiative in the exchange performances by going north in October to give an entertainment. I understand the Montecito players will present here the same charming program with which they opened their beautiful little theater.

"Hitting the Pipe" in Pasadena

I would suggest to Charles R. Green, business manager of the Pasadena News, that he should not let the thrift propaganda make too deep an impression upon his mind. Because of an apparent attempt to follow canny teachings Charles nearly had a violent removal not merely from the charming city of Pasadena but from this vale of tears. As the story goes he had been casting about for several weeks for a short section of cast iron pipe with which to do a small plumbing repair job at his home. The other day he chanced to see a short pipe in the dust of the street. Stopping his auto Charley picked it up and carried it home, where he started to saw off six inches of its length which he did not need. But in a few minutes he discovered dynamite in his saw dust and was horrified to find that the pipe was stuffed with the explosive. I understand street contractors are in the habit of making cart-ridges in this manner and doubtless it was one of these which Green found. He tenderly removed the temporarily cherished pipe to his back garden and held a burial without tears or services.

Medical School's Good Work

Praise for the Medical School of the University of Southern California is given by the Southern California Practitioner, which in a late issue has attempted, I see, to bring to the attention of the profession the good work which this institution is doing. In students who took the state medical examination the local college stood but little below Stanford in the percentage of those who passed, and had a much larger number examined. The Practitioner article says "For thirty years Southern California has been an educational medical center and we shall continue to offer young men and young women excellent didactic instruction and clinic facilities that cannot be surpassed in America. Under the supervision of Dr. Charles H. Whitman the Los Angeles County Hospital is the second largest in the United States. The profession should work together to increase the endowment of the University of South-

ern California so that a fund of at least a quarter of a million dollars shall be set aside, the income from which shall be used entirely for the medical department."

Cabrillo Tablet Not Well Placed

Juan Cabrillo's memory will remain green in the bronze tablet presented the city at Exposition Park last Sunday afternoon, by the Cabrillo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but will it ever be a monument of significance in this city? that is the question. It has been appropriately mounted in a rough-hewn granite rock and makes not an unsightly art object, but—what have they done with it? They have dumped it out—for that is what it looks like—directly in front of a flag staff which ornaments the left front lawn patch of the Museum of History, Art and Science. It is within about five feet of the walk and has no geometrical reason for being there. When will the public learn to know that such matters should be left in the hands of artists. They know and understand best where things are comme il faut.

Virile Verse by New York Connoisseurs

Writing from Haines Falls, New York, to his lifelong friend Irving Way, the well-known bookman of this city, Bliss Carman, the poet, tells of a visit paid the falls by Mrs. Ian Forbes Robertson, whose daughter, Beatrice Hale, lives in Scituate, where she had been staying. With her she brought a lovely bit of verse from a local comic opera devised by Will Irwin and others, who frequent that happy resort of literary people and artists:

The bells of hell go boom, boom, boom,
For thee and not for me!
The bells of heaven go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For me and not for thee!
O, Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
O grave—thy victory?

Also this graphic summary by Olive Herford on Marie Odille:

When Marie the nun
Saw the ravishing Hun
She thought he had come from on high;
When the Hun rode away
And the stork came one day
She said, "What a good girl am I."

Arthur Guiterman will have to look to his laurels.

Pen Picture of Mr. Taft

Saturday evening Hon. William Howard Taft entertained a goodly audience, first as stump speaker and later as platform orator. From the vantage of his carriage floor he addressed several hundred persons, the overflow from the too crowded Trinity auditorium, and was received with rapt attention and hilarious applause. A more demonstrative reception awaited him indoors where a rising welcome, enlivened with shouting and the waving of small American flags formed the fanfare for his introduction by Judge Walter Bordwell. Always a humorist, the former president was not lacking in appropriate stories on this occasion. To put his audience into good humor he told them that he had not come on a political errand, either personal, state or national. He came merely to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition, attend the Red Cross conference and to be with the American Bankers' Association at Salt Lake City. He had avoided making a political speech until this date when he was, as he put it, "scheduled"—if he might be "permitted" the expression. "I have been out of politics for three years and after such a time you can't get back in with grace or comfort." He chided those responsible for his being there as "afraid of what he might say." They, he said "could not be responsible for what I say." He said further that it is not always necessary for a speaker to say what an audience wishes—at least not in such places where "they don't throw bricks." He also said for fear that he might "too much shock" his sponsors he had put what he had to say in writing. Then he told his first funny story.

Borrowing from Beecher

It was that often related by Henry Ward Beecher. He said he had provided it as a stimulus, like the remarks he would inject into his typed copy-remarks that were expressed "to help wake up the audience." Beecher was asked what he did when his audience went to sleep. He replied: "Why I send for the sexton." "Well, does not that disturb the congregation considerably, to have him come among them?" "I don't send for him to waken them, but to stir up the man in the pulpit." Next he told about the office seeking the man. "I used to be a judge in Kentucky. They elected a Republican government after many years of Democratic reign. An old fellow voting the Republican ticket ever since he was so privileged concluded he wanted an office. He wrote down from the mountains—for that is where all the Republicans live—that they had had such bad government that they ought to begin to reform by having the office seek the man. Zeke followed his letter—he kept hanging around—waiting. First he slept in the hotel, then at a lodging house, and when his funds got very low park benches were his night refuge. When he had none left he rode out on his horse on his way for home. Said he, 'I ain't seen no office a-seeking a man. If any of you-uns see an office a-seeking a man you tell them that you saw old Zeke Carter going down the pike—and he was going durn slow.'" His coining of a phrase has stuck—and while it may not be entertaining to the ears of certain Californians it hits close next the door of truth. He amplified the cause of the secessionists as "the crazy quilt of progressivism."

Never Again, Says Taft

One witty remark not for the ears of many was repeated while the hundreds on hundreds of his constituency passed and shook him by the hand. A woman thanked him for his visit to her home. He said he also had enjoyed it, but that, like the love letter the woman had written "he wished there had been more of it." The few moments of his reception were interspersed with remarks which tended to show the splendid fiber of his mind. Now he remembered a brother's brother whom he had met possibly five or six years back, and again

an old acquaintance from Honolulu was recognized or a meeting in another distant land recalled. Always, details were vividly described. In this time a copy of The Graphic was shown him. There on the front page he viewed his countenance in the shadow of the coming year. "The likeness is as bad as the prophecy," was his comment. Asked for a definite statement as to his future candidacy he said: "I shall never run for office again—that is final—you may well believe it."

Answering an Esteemed Reader

By one of my esteemed readers I have been asked the question: "Why has the city of Los Angeles no better public library than we have?" I am a little at loss as to whether or not my correspondent refers to a library as a collection of books or whether he wonders why we have not a better library building in which to house the fine collection we possess. Through Everett R. Perry, the city librarian, I learn that the library board expects to begin shortly a campaign of education looking to the building of a fine library on a site which will be the north half of the block bounded by Olive and Grand, Fifth and Sixth streets. The board, I understand, hopes to have this structure ready for occupancy when its lease on its present quarters in the Metropolitan building runs out six years hence. I presume it is the opinion of Henry M. Newmark, president of the board, and the other members, Orra E. Monnette, Herman C. Kaestner and Mrs. Frances M. Harmon, that the library must be maintained in a central location. The proposed site and building would, I understand, involve the outlay of \$1,000,000 which it is planned shall be provided by a bond issue at an indefinite date in the future. Mr. Perry tells me that since the library was moved to its present quarters at Fifth and Broadway the circulation has increased 30 per cent over what it was when the institution was housed in the Hamburger building and this is regarded as an argument of a central location. Putting the library on Fifth, between Olive and Grand, would fit in with what is known as the Robinson plan for a civic center, which proposes a municipal auditorium on Normal Hill. Turning from the supposition that my correspondent refers to a building and is asking why we have not a better library, meaning a collection of books and its handling, I have received from Mr. Perry the request that I say he defies anyone to show wherein there could be maintained in a more efficient way, with the funds in hand, a library like that of Los Angeles or where a better library may be found.

Why the State University Remains Intact

My correspondent also asks: "Why is there no state university in Southern California?" and goes on to say, "In Los Angeles alone we have three high schools from which are graduated yearly hundreds of students who must either discontinue their education at that point or go 500 miles from home for university advantages." Noting that he ignored completely the University of Southern California, I referred his question to the erudite Prof. James Main Dixon of that institution, who has this to say on the subject: "This call for a state university for Southern California to be stationed at Los Angeles is somewhat out of harmony with American customs and ideals. Any attempt to break the unity of the great state university at Berkeley will be fought with bitterness and determination. A few years ago it was proposed to found a state technological institute at Pasadena, by absorption of Throop Polytechnic, but after matters had been allowed to go so far, the project was nipped in the bud. So with the proposition to found a state agricultural school at Davis in the northern half of the state; it has been answered by the strengthening of the College of Agriculture at Berkeley. So long as California is a single state, the university will remain an intact unit up at the Golden Gate. Moreover, the type of American university proper is not a state institution, but a foundational organism, founded by the private munificence of patriotic citizens, and free from political wire-pulling. Such are Harvard, Yale, Princeton, John Hopkins, Cornell, Chicago, Leland Stanford, Wesleyan. It is enough that elementary and secondary schools should be almost entirely in state hands, with a completely negative attitude towards religion. If the religious bodies are worth their salt, they will continue as in the past to support and create institutions of the higher learning where the training, with a certain definite portion of the study, is distinctly religious in tone and emphasis. Let us have toleration, by all means, but let us have conviction as well; a theological and ethical discussion and moral gymnastic based upon wholesome creeds such are at the back of our great religious denominations. Religion is not a matter merely for the individual in his domestic relations; it is something for the religious to carry into his daily public life, and for the statesman to regulate his actions by. A religious type of statesman is a necessity for our representative institutions, and recent history bears me out in this statement. McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson all came out of institutions founded by great churches, where theology is one of the honored studies. The absolute silence of your correspondent in regard to the presence here in Los Angeles of a great and growing denominational university, as if it were a mere freak, surprises me. If we use the university we have, we shall do better than try to effect a mutilation of the kind the wise Solomon proposed in irony. We are not likely to get the legs or arms or any other part of the Berkeley organism down here in Los Angeles. Let us rather in sensible fashion, and following true American precedents, build up the youthful university we already possess. The University of Southern California is fully trusted by the state authorities and used by them as are Berkeley and Stanford; why this odd ignoring of its activities, as if we were in state-ridden continental Europe?"

Sierra Madre Club Fellowship Dinner

Members of the Sierra Madre Club, elected within the last year, will be guests of honor at an informal dinner to be given in the club grill the evening of September 30. It is to be a "get-acquainted" affair,



Art



Beatrice de Lack Krombach

MUCH has been said pro and con concerning the award of honorariums for canvases at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Jules Pages and some half dozen Californians—Arthur Matthews, Charles Dickman, Eugene Neuhaus, among them—were on the awarding jury. Mr. Pages was in town for several days last week and talked freely of the contest. From his conversation it appears that medals and honors were generously, though carefully bestowed. There was no wire pulling—as has been inferred. There could not have been as the jury acted under the leadership of a presiding body. John E. D. Trask, chief of the department of fine arts, made no suggestion further than to offer his services in the event of an emergency. He was called in several times, but only when a debate had to be settled. Mr. Pages has vouched for these statements. Then, too, when one considers how systematic were the voting and arrangements, how could it have been other-

the quality of technique and general excellence in the canvases exhibited Mr. Pages said: "I found more individuality in the work of the California painters than in that of the other American artists represented. Perhaps, this advantage is true because so few European canvases come far west—and the eastern artist very often sees his composition through the eyes of a European painter. To speak of the work of Southern Californians in particular—two men, Wendt and Puthoff—and more recently a series of studies of Catalina by Joseph Greenbaum—prove the reason. By American painters I don't mean those who are painting cowboys or scenes of the west. One can easily be an American painter by simply painting an interior or even a still life. When you paint a still life as a German, a Frenchman or Englishman does—they will be fine in their way, but they will not be distinctive." Mr. Pages then made an oft-remarked statement. "There's a danger, however that if certain artists follow the path they are going they will lose this in-

tracting no end of attention. We are indebted to William E. Ransom, long a collector of superior canvases, for the loan of the picture. It is rarely interpreted in that two houses, one to the right and the other at the left are part of the composition; also it is unique in tonal values. For once Keith has forgotten his favorite palette of low rich chords of greens and browns, with dashes of rose and amber notes and glazes, and has prepared an al primo in a high, clear sky effect. The splendid values in line and composition however, give it distinction. It is atmospherically a vibrant spring—one in which to stray and listen for the chirping wren and the rippling, purling brook. How well Keith knew to express the emotion of nature! Whatever the mood or fleeting moment portrayed he depicted with his subtle, facile brush, whose every stroke gave telling expression to the breadth of vision back of the hand wielding that implement. No other American has conceived the subtle quality he expressed so famously. George Inness too had his tenuous moods, but, while his canvases are exceptional they have not the spirit of attunement to be found in those of Keith. Possibly, California's environment and her elusive picturesqueness gave the San Franciscan painter this advantage. The few months Inness spent as Keith's guest greatly influenced the palette he employed on his return east. Keith, as we know, passed the latter years of his life in California. His studio on Post street in San Francisco was the fad with society women, though he did not treat them any too



ONE OF KEITH'S FINEST CANVASES, NOW AT THE MUSEUM OF ART—OWNED BY W. E. RANSOM

wise? On three occasions were the canvases debated. The first selection segregated them by countries without mention of awards or whether they were subject to an award. Then the entire jury passed on the class of awards to be made, and by a majority vote they were recommended. At the third sitting a secret ballot and annotated lists were used. After the entire canvases had been reviewed and passed a number of silver and bronze medals and honorable mentions were added. Persons omitted, and thought worthy were proposed and in this manner some fifteen or twenty were included. The consideration given the canvases was whether or not a man's work was good—and then again his canvases exhibited were judged. It worked both ways and always to the advantage of the painter. Mr. Pages accepted the honor of serving on the jury as he has received many awards, such as given, himself. In 1895 he gained an honorable mention at the Paris Salon and in 1899 and 1905 received gold medal awards from the same institution. The latter made him hors concours. In 1910 he became a Knight of the Legion of Honor, one of the highest in France. He goes abroad in November after a short stay in New York and expects to remain for two years sketching in his favorite places and criticizing the classes at the Julian Academy. He leaves behind several of his choice canvases which are to be seen at the Steckel gallery on South Broadway.

Discussing the comparative values of

dividuality and become a composite. Mr. Wendt's and Mr. Puthoff's temperament are not the same and consequently they should not follow each other. If they are true to themselves they will not. I know this has been often said, but the repetition can never hurt. Local artists should put on blinkers and place cotton in their ears, if need be—and then go ahead.

"The technique I noted, however, was often incomplete in the canvases exhibited. Many should have had the courage to spoil several canvases and carry their work further and then simplify and remodel it—when it gets too heavy, throw it away. At last, then they will have learned something. Art is not a question of luck. You are expressing your thought—your full thought—and you should bend every effort in trying to develop a complete unit. Then and then only are you advancing yourselves. It is through an unsuccessful picture that the artist learns the most. If you have been painting in one stretch of inspiration you have not had time to realize what you have been doing. In fact, it has been no profit." All good advice—and worthy of the attention of many of our younger artists. Mr. Pages' criticism is given as a friend and one who is proud of his native state—California.

* * *

In the gallery at Exposition Park this and next week on is privileged to gaze upon the illustration herewith the "Spring" of William Keith. It hangs on the right half of the east wall and is at-

gallantly, for he would walk up and down, as though measuring the cubic yards of the room, while receiving them.

Knowing that Mr. C. L. Haskell, chairman of the art committee of the Jonathan Club, had been on intimate terms with Keith, and believing that his information might be entertained and enlightening. I talked with him concerning the dead painter. He had only good to tell of this most unusual man. To quote him: "He never made an unkind remark about another artist and told me shortly before his passing that he had given away more than \$55,000 to deserving artists. He never tried to sell a picture. They sold themselves. His own estimate of his work was ever of interest to me. He had the genuine artist's appreciation, but without vanity or conceit. When people wanted to purchase a large canvas he did his best to convince them that a small one was as excellent in value. When exhibiting his work it was not unusual to hear him say, that one's 'rotten'—another might be 'fine' and a third 'stunning.' He certainly was a marked character. His theory of painting was he believed, if possible, that a canvas must be finished at one sitting. There is a story told of Inness' visit which is proof positive of his understanding of this assertion. Mr. Inness differed in the theory of the rapidity with which a canvas should be developed. To illustrate his method Inness painted a canvas, watched day by day throughout its

(Continued on Page 9.)

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Cheaters

DOUBTLESS, the "Nobody Home" lay, now being presented at the Morosco Theater, has considerably more ginger in it than was demonstrated at its first Los Angeles performance Sunday evening before one of the largest audiences of theatrical notables ever gathered together in this city. What this audience saw was a typical song and dance, patter show, without plot to interfere with the stunts of the high-priced and capable musical comedy stars Manager Morosco has engaged to support Blanche Ring in the piece. As New York has put the stamp of approval upon Nobody Home' Los Angeles will be expected to acclaim it, but the undeniable fact remains that it is not nearly so bright entertainment as the locally made "So Long Letty." It has possibilities which the high-class Morosco stage management should develop into a breezy comedy with music, but at its Los Angeles premier "Nobody Home" was disappointing. Despite its twenty or more songs and dances it seemed to lag, particularly in the opening chorus,

sents an excellent bill this week. Mrs. Leslie Carter, of course, dominates the show, presenting a tabloid version of "Zaza," one of her most emotional roles. The sketch is modernized by the introduction of the telephone and bits of later slang. What is a modern play without a telephone, anyway? that recipient of all the information and heart-to-heart confidences which the author wishes to confide to his audience. Mrs. Carter has lost none of her energy and makes her sentimental appeal as strongly as in the days of the thrilling Burbank "speakies" (thank you, Otheman.) That an actress can carry this scene in its emotional variety with such sincerity as to preclude laughter denotes the histrionic ability of the player. The only pity of it is that, with her ability, Mrs. Carter should not choose a worthier vehicle for her talents. Willie Solar is a diminutive chap with a protean face and throat, one who excites laughter with every twist of his facial muscles, and admiration for his skill as an eccentric dancer. Harry and Eva Puck are decidedly clever in their nonsense



GRACE TRAVERS, WHO IS DOING GOOD WORK IN "SADIE LOVE"

and lacked that smoothness which should be given it after a few performances. The two stage settings are remarkably fine and the costuming of the chorus in the second act is one of the most artistic stage achievements recently seen here. Blanche Ring imparts her well known swing to three musical numbers and does her best with a role which hardly seems to give her satisfactory opportunities for her acknowledged ability. With Miss Ring, Walter Catlett shares the honors of "Nobody Home." As the dense and, happily, not typical stage Englishman he is delightful. Charles Winninger, as the naughtily inclined Rollo from Grand Rapids, displays a personality in his acting that gives his numbers a wonderful pulling power. May Boley is her usual pleasing stage self and her gowns are popularly described as a "scream." William Rock and Frances White contribute a number of lively steps and the favorites, Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin are nimble in several mediocre songs which they give with the best effect the material allows them. Polished up a bit, with more vim injected into the chorus, "Nobody Home" should be good for a run, but hardly one like that of "So Long Letty."

Entertaining Orpheum Bill

Recovering from its season of mid-summer mediocrity the Orpheum pre-

sents an excellent bill this week. Mrs. Leslie Carter, of course, dominates the show, presenting a tabloid version of "Zaza," one of her most emotional roles. The sketch is modernized by the introduction of the telephone and bits of later slang. What is a modern play without a telephone, anyway? that recipient of all the information and heart-to-heart confidences which the author wishes to confide to his audience. Mrs. Carter has lost none of her energy and makes her sentimental appeal as strongly as in the days of the thrilling Burbank "speakies" (thank you, Otheman.) That an actress can carry this scene in its emotional variety with such sincerity as to preclude laughter denotes the histrionic ability of the player. The only pity of it is that, with her ability, Mrs. Carter should not choose a worthier vehicle for her talents. Willie Solar is a diminutive chap with a protean face and throat, one who excites laughter with every twist of his facial muscles, and admiration for his skill as an eccentric dancer. Harry and Eva Puck are decidedly clever in their nonsense

War Pictures at the Mason

It is claimed for the new European war pictures that will be presented next week at the Mason Opera House that they reflect an authentic photographic history of the entire campaign of the Austro-Hungarian and German armies from the inception of the memorable drive through Galicia down to and including the final recapture of the town and fortress of Przemyśl. It is from the latter important event that the films were given their title "The Battle of

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BLANCHE RING in "Nobody Home"

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MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Main Street
 Near Sixth

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE—FOURTH WEEK

Avery Hopwood's New Play
"SADIE LOVE"

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 Prices—Nights, 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees, 25c and 50c.

Orpheum

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 RALPH DUNBAR'S SALON SINGERS; BILLIE BURKE'S TANGO SHOES; RIVES & HARRISON, "Another Bench Act"; HARRY & EVA PUCK, "Sunshine and Showers"; WILLIE SOLAR, Direct from London; EVA SHIRLEY, Prima Donna; CHAS. E. EVANS & HELENA PHILLIPS in "A Forgotten Combination." Orchestra Concerts, 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe twice a week News Views.

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"Nobody Home" Goes to Second Week

Blanche Ring in "Nobody Home" is proving such an attraction at the Morosco theater that at every performance the tickets are all gone before the curtain goes up. The show will start its second week Sunday evening. The famous star is assisted by Charles Winninger, Walter Catlett, May Boley, William Rock and Frances White, Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, Nella Wilson, Casson Ferguson, Jack Pollard and a stage full of pretty girls. The prices for "Nobody Home" at the Morosco are half those now being charged in Boston, where another company, without the famous Blanche Ring, is playing. Demand for seats is so great that the theater going public is advised not to delay in making its reservations.

Fourth Week for "Sadie Love"

Oliver Morosco's production of "Sadie Love," with Marjorie Rambeau in the name part, continues as a great drawing card at the Burbank, where it is to begin its fourth week Sunday afternoon. The fact that more than 45,000 people already have paid to see this new farce, which was written by Avery Hopwood, author of such successes as "Clothes," "Nobody's Widow" and "Judy Forgot," is sufficient proof of its attraction for theater-goers. A capable company is supporting Miss Rambeau in the piece. Pedro de Cordoba is her leading man and will have the same part in the New York production. Miss Grace Travers, Lillian Elliot, James Corrigan, Winifred Bryson and the others of the All Star Burbank Company are earning new laurels by their work in "Sadie Love." This play is to be positively the last in which Marjorie Rambeau will appear here this season as, following its close here, she will go directly to New York for the production of "Sadie Love" by Manager Morosco in that city.

Good Features at the Orpheum

Mrs. Leslie Carter, who is successfully presenting her own version of "Zaza" at the Orpheum will begin the last week of her local engagement with

the Monday matinee. Mrs. Carter and "Zaza" are almost synonymous in the public mind for they have been closely associated for seventeen years. The play is considered by many even better in its brief form than it was in the original and there is an absence of drag and protracted action that is gratifying. Charles E. Evans, whose long association with "Old Hoss" Hoey in the Hoyt farces is a pleasant theatrical memory, will also be on the Orpheum bill next week. He has kept down to date by playing many latter day comedy roles and will bring here "A Forgotten Combination," a clever potpourri of fun. Two feature acts are also to be on the bill, Ralph Dunbar's Salon Singers, a quartette good enough to rank with Bryan as headliners in Chau-tauquas, and Billie Burke's Tango Shoes, a dancing act of a novel and mysterious sort. Shirli Rives, a lovely prima donna, and Ben Harrison in "Another Bench Act" will have a satire on this form of vaudeville diversion. Harry and Eva Puck, Willie Solar of the nimble heels and mobile face, and Eva Shirley will remain next week.

"Wonderful Adventure" at Miller's

William Farnum in his latest and greatest picture, "The Wonderful Adventure," will be the attractive six reel feature film offering at Miller's Theater for the week starting Monday. In it the popular star plays a dual role. As a wealthy contractor he becomes the victim of an adventuress and contracts the drug habit. While in this condition he meets another man who is his exact double, whom he persuades to assume his identity. Farnum plays both roles. How the problem of the two men is finally solved, makes a photoplay of power and interest. The production was directed by Frederic Thomson and is of the usual high William Fox standard of excellence. The added feature of the Miller bill will be the first run of the Pathe News Weekly.

Pioneer Western Play at the Garrick

Telling a story of early days in the west, "The Bargain," will be the feature photoplay at the Garrick Theater for the week opening Sunday. The cast which produced "The Bargain" was headed by William S. Hart, who is said to have in it one of the best roles of his career as the "two-gun man" who, after robbing a stage coach falls in love with a pure girl and reforms. A sheriff with a love for gambling that almost wrecks the happiness of three people plays an important part in the plot. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the latest instalment of the thrilling "Diamond from the Sky" also will be shown at the Garrick.

Rochester School of Opera

Those seeking varied and practical instruction in all branches of operatic training will find excellent advantages at the Rochester School of Opera in the Gamut Club building, 1044 South Hope street. William F. Rochester, its director, has had many years of experience in the preparation of students for the professional and amateur stage. He is vouched for by persons of importance in the musical and dramatic world and is in a position to offer courses of study in acting, dancing, stage make-up, stage business, elocution, pantomime and song gestures. He also coaches and stages operas and musical comedies. Individual instruction is featured for those who cannot attend at stated class hours. Studies are arranged to suit the special talents of students. Vaudeville instruction is given and special acts are created and rehearsed. Frequent opportunity will be afforded for public appearances and every detail of scenery, costuming and properties is to be carried out as in professional engagements. As the demands of several former Berkeley and Stanford students and a number of well-known local amateurs were so urgent Mr. Rochester has consented to assist in organizing the "Paint and Powder club, a factor for aiding in the development of latent talents. Its several kinds of membership is certain to bring it into prominence and make toward its successful organization. Active members will participate in public performance, passive members will study choral singing and dancing for their own pleasure, and associate membership will entitle one to attend all rehearsals and receive complimentary seats for public performances. Three part programs are to be given. The first either light or grand opera, the second an act of comic opera or musical comedy and last will come vaudeville specialties including dances, songs and ensembles. The first general meeting convened last Thursday evening and proved an auspicious occasion.

Art and Artists (Continued from Page Seven)

gradual evolution by Mr. Keith with the keenest attention. When the last touches had been given and the painter turned and laid down his brush, Mr. Keith pronounced his verdict. 'Nevertheless, the picture is absolutely the work of today.' It was true and was admitted by Inness; the soul and the essentials of the composition had been contributed that day.

"He was the most industrious man I ever knew. He worked from the first rays of the sun to the last. At the close of each day he gathered a great sheaf of brushes for his Jap to clean and often before breakfast had laid in his composition. He would not be talked to while at work. If you addressed him, he stopped. Nor did he like the canvas on his easel criticized. Witness the following: I had ordered a small canvas. 'The Cattle at the Pool' of him. He developed it until I thought it good enough. 'Hold on,' said I. He kept right on working. 'I am not through with it.' He had just erased one of three trees by daubing in a black streak, and in the turn of a hand had it perfect again. Finally, I insisted and when I told him since it was my picture, I was going to have it as it was, he desisted, but much against his will.

"Though as a Scotchman he was always thrifty, his one great extravagance was cigars, for which he never paid less than twenty-five cents a piece. As against this I heard him say that among the things lost in the fire—he regretted most were a thousand cigars and his picture frames. Of the former he said he had gathered each and every one at nickel-in-the-slot machines. The frames he said cost money. 'The canvases I can paint again.' He would use the covers of the boxes containing the cigars for his sketches, and some of the choicest of these are priceless because of their rare beauty. Another incident I recall as of interest in this connection. I found him in a rage. In his hand he held a bronze medal in a case—an award of the Grand Gold Medal. I cannot name the Exposition, which had been made him—and this is what they had forwarded with a request that he send them \$85 for the gold. Though he had received like recognition ere this and had possibly sent the money he acted as if it were a new experience."

Short biographical notes as I gathered them are: Born in Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire in 1839. Keith at twelve years of age was transplanted to America. His first apprenticeship was served as wood-engraver. Later he illustrated for the London News and Harper Brothers. His first canvas commission Collis P. Huntington gave him in the early days of the transcontinental road, the Central Pacific, still a part of the Southern Pacific. For this he received \$5000. He always claimed it was the smallest commission ever received for one year's work, his annual income later being from \$55,000 to \$60,000. With this first money he went abroad to study the old masters. He was under no direct influence, but received criticism now and then in Paris, London and Munich. His residences in Dusseldorf at the time of the Franco-Prussian war and in 1883—a year passed mainly in Munich—are responsible for his tendency to paint portraits. He drifted south and stayed at Barbazon. The influence of this school is strongly to be noted in his canvases. From all these journeyings he returned to California and made it his permanent home. Other details are too well known to require repetition.

* * *

Assisting Curator Maxwell in the Gallery of Fine and Applied Arts at the Museum in Exposition Park at the private view of the sixth annual exhibition of the California Art Club Monday evening, October 4, will be Mr. and Mrs. William Wendt, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Daggett, Dr. and Mrs. Randall Hutchinson and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Leighton. The hosts will receive from 8 to 10 o'clock and a new feature is to be introduced as music has been provided for the evening's entertainment.

* * *

As reference for those without calendar dates of the exhibition the following is given. Last day for the return of entries to secretary is Tuesday, September 28, which is the only date on which objects to be exhibited will be received at Exposition Park. The jury of which William Wendt, Hanson Putthoff, Aaron E. Kilpatrick, Jack W. Smith and J. Duncan Gleason are members will be in session from 9 a. m. Thursday to Friday at 4 p. m. Accepted objects will be hung Saturday, October 2. The exhibition opens to the

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Social & Personal

ONE of the prettiest weddings of the season was that of Miss Mildred Burnett, daughter of Mrs. Frank W. Burnett, and Mr. John Percival Hunt, a prominent young business man of this city. The ceremony was extremely simple in its appointments, the guest list being limited to relatives and the more intimate friends of the two families. The service was read in the beautiful gardens of the Burnett home on West Eighth and Beacon streets, just at the twilight hour, the Right Reverend Bishop Joseph Horsfel Johnson officiating. The ceremony was performed before a beautiful altar improvised of greenery and white lilies, combined with bows of fluffy white tulle. The bride was given away by her cousin, Mr. George Ennis. She was attired in a handsome gown of white tulle and lace, made over satin charmeuse. Her veil was caught by sprays of orange blossoms and the same fragrant blossoms edged the long court train and caught the veil to the gown. The bride's bouquet was an arm shower of lilies of the valley and white blossoms combined with sprays of maiden-hair ferns. Miss Katherine Barbour, cousin of the bride was her maid of honor. Her gown was of green tones, with hat to match. She carried a bouquet of pink rosebuds and ferns. Little Janet McCoy and Cynthia Gunning assisted as flower girls, being attired in dainty frocks of green. They preceded the bridal party scattering rose petals in the pathway. Mr. E. Hamilton Hunt, brother of the bridegroom, served him as best man and the ushers were Mr. Dwight Whiting, Mr. Maynard McFie, Mr. Wilfred McKinley, Mr. Winthrop Blackstone, Mr. Conway Barbour and Mr. Charles Barbour. Following the wedding service an informal reception and supper was held. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt later left for an extended wedding trip and upon their return they will make their home with Mrs. Frank Burnett, the bride's mother. The young bride is one of the most popular of the younger set and Mr. Hunt, socially prominent, is also well known in local business circles.

In honor of the visiting members of the National Wholesale Druggists' association, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswig are entertaining today with a large garden party at their beautiful home, 3528 West Adams street. The hours are from 4 until 6 o'clock. Mrs. Brunswig's assistants are Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Mrs. William A. Edwards, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. J. J. Mevler, Mrs. Horace Wing, Mrs. William E. Ramsay, Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, Mrs. Bernard Smith, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, Mrs. James Soutter Porter, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Rea Smith, Mrs. Loren D. Sale, Mrs. Elbert Wing, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Dean Mason, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff and Miss Carrie Van Dyke. Assisting in the serving are a number of prominent matrons and maids of the younger set, including Mrs. Walter M. Brunswig, Mrs. Annie B. Wellborn, Mrs. Eleanor Banning, Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Miss Lillian Van Dyke, Miss Marjorie Ramsay and Miss Gertrude Hanna.

For the last two weeks Molly Byerly Wilson, dramatic contralto, of Arapahoe street, has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Honeywell, of Berkeley. Miss Wilson has been able to enjoy the exposition to an extent, but has been chiefly busy with the completion of arrangements for her season's concert tour, which opens early in November in Chicago, to continue five months throughout the United States.

Extremely simple in its appointments and with only the intimate relatives present as witnesses, the marriage of Miss Mary M'Nail, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. M'Nair to Mr. Thomas D. Duque will take place this afternoon. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride's parents, 1010 Beacon street, and despite the simplicity that will mark the event, the wedding will be of general interest to Los Angeles society folk owing to the prominence of the family of both the attractive young bride and the bridegroom. The young folk will make their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Bailey of 1002 South Burlington avenue announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Edith

Kennedy Bailey to Mr. Oscar A. Ingram of Globe, Arizona. The marriage took place Monday noon, Dr. Hugh K. Walker of Long Beach officiating. There were no attendants and the ceremony was extremely simple in its appointments, the young bride having only recently recovered from a critical illness. A pretty tulle of white was worn by the bride and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Following the wedding Mr. Ingram and his bride left for a trip to Santa Barbara, Del Monte and other of the northern pleasure resorts. They will return to Los Angeles for a short stay before continuing their journey to Arizona, where they will make their future home.

Colonel and Mrs. Peter McClelland and their daughters, Miss Willie McClelland and Mrs. Earl Brown are leaving soon for an extended visit to San Francisco, and other northern points. In November, upon their return from their trip to the north, Colonel and Mrs. McClelland and family will make their home at the Bryson apartments, where they plan a number of delightful entertainments this winter.

Mrs. D. Gager Peck is entertaining with a delightfully appointed luncheon this afternoon at her home, 501 Virgil avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hal Cope have moved into their new home at 927 South Harvard boulevard where they will be at home to their friends through the winter. Mrs. Cope will be remembered as Miss Lois Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Stimson have been enjoying a delightful motoring trip through the Lake Tahoe region, following a pleasant stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner, Mrs. Theodosia Burnett and Judge and Mrs. Sidney Ballou, who recently returned here from Honolulu, returned the first of the week from Bear Canyon, where they motored for the last weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Stephens of 525 Wilshire boulevard, Santa Monica, have been entertaining as their house guests. Mr. and Mrs. William Flock of Hackelstown, N. J. Mr. Flock is a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Stephens and the latter have been entertaining their visitors with delightful jaunts in and about Los Angeles.

Miss Albertine Pendleton and her brother, Mr. C. W. Pendleton, Jr., left Wednesday for the east. They plan to be away for several weeks. They will visit friends in Washington and as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stephens at Long Island and Newport a delightful yachting party has already been planned for them. Later they will go to New York for a month's stay, after which they will return to their home here.

Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth and her sister, Mrs. Downing returned home recently from San Francisco, where they enjoyed a stay of several weeks. They occupied a cozy apartment while there and gave over the most of their time to seeing the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tabor Fitzgerald have returned to their home here after several weeks in the north. Their trip included Santa Cruz, Ben Lomond, the Redwoods, Paso Robles, Santa Barbara and other attractive pleasure resorts of the north.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles G. Stivers and their daughter, Miss Hildegard Stivers of 1115 Arapahoe street are home from a visit to San Francisco and the Exposition.

Mrs. W. J. Rouse has returned to her home, 631 West Twenty-first street after a delightful outing of three months in the mountains.

Mrs. Dan McFarland and her daughter, Miss Leo Chandler who are at Santa Monica for the summer, entertained Thursday with an informal bridge and tennis tea. About twenty or thirty guests were invited in for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace, the latter formerly Miss Juliet Boileau, ward of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, who returned recently from their wedding trip, are at home to their friends at 111

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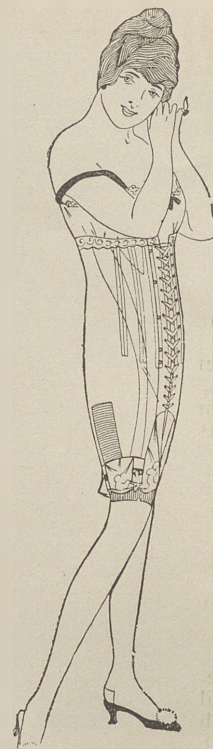
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South Oxford, pending the completion of their own new home on Oxford avenue.

Mrs. Joseph K. Clark who is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., in their mountain home in Montana, will return to the coast early in October. She will come by way of San Francisco and is expected to reach Los Angeles about the middle of that month.

Mrs. Jack Niven and her two little sons, Bobbie and Waldemar have gone to Salt Lake City where they will visit for a month as the guests of Mrs. Niven's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Von Cott.

Mrs. Stephen Childs and her two attractive children are again located in their beautiful home on West Adams street after having passed the last two months in San Francisco.

Mrs. A. J. Scott was hostess Saturday last at a daintily appointed luncheon given at Beverly Hills in compliment to Mrs. George Goethals. The decorations were in autumn blossoms and foliage. Guests invited to meet Mrs. Goethals included Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mrs. William J. Hunsaker, Mrs. William Mead, Mrs. George A. Brock, Mrs. Robert Wankowski, Mrs. David Horsely, Mrs. B. F. Bledsoe, Mrs. William D. Stephens, Mrs. Joseph B. Lippincott and Mrs. Nellie Shannon.

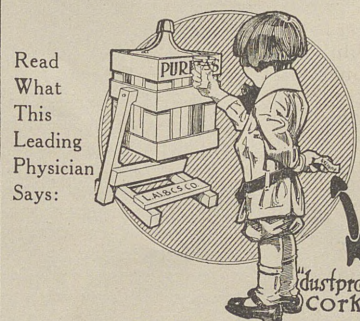
Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester Place have had as their guests Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Hawes of Louisville. The visitors while in Southern California motored extensively and also enjoyed a visit to the San Diego exposition. They also were special guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson at their attractive country place, Wilsonia Court near the San Gabriel mission.

Judge and Mrs. Sidney N. Reeve are enjoying a ten days' visit to San Francisco, where they are giving over their time to the exposition sights.

Mrs. G. Wiley Wells has returned from her recent trip to San Francisco. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Terry at their Santa Monica home.

Mrs. Kenneth Preuss, who before her marriage was Miss Edith Terry, will have as her house guest for several

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weeks, her father, Mr. J. Moss Terry of Louisville, Kentucky. Mrs. Preuss, one of the most attractive of the Southern belles, is a niece of Mrs. G. Wiley Wells.

(Continued on page eleven)

Music

By W. Francis Gates

JUST to see how the singing of Mme. Melba affected me ten years ago, I turned back to my account of her recital here given at Hazard pavilion, Feb. 14, 1905. It stated, "As an exponent of pure vocalism, of the art of bel canto as differing from the highly dramatic style of singing, Madam Melba has few rivals. She occupies a foremost place among coloratura sopranos and now, in her fortieth year, she is at the zenith of her fame. Melba is not what can be called a highly expressive singer nor does she feel called upon to further the public appreciation of the intenser styles of composition. This was seen last night in her choice of numbers which included those calculated to display her clarity and flexibility of tone, with the addition of several ballads of light caliber. Her principal number was the 'Mad Scene' from 'Lucia.'"

In a general way, the above applies to the Melba recital of last week. In place of losing her mind according to "Lucia" it was the "Mad Scene" from "Hamlet" which occupied the principal place and it must be stated that with all the polish of vocal style which is one of the main assets of the singer, this was not given with the exactness and clarity of her former days. The two things that are the bane of the singer are time and flesh. One may not avoid the former but can "bant" off the latter successfully. And so Mme. Melba, who has begun on her second half century of life, has passed the zenith of her powers and cannot expect to sing the most taxing florid numbers with the aplomb of youth, or scale the vocal heights with the certainty and agility of yore. Her work in the more florid passages could not be recommended as a model for the coloratura student; it was a bit ragged around the edges and the upper tones not impeccable. At the same time, when the most taxing—and least valuable—selections are passed, she gave delightful performances of "Vissi d'Arte" from "La Tosca" and of the "Addio" from "La Boheme." These were given with much perfection of vocal art.

Robert Parker, baritone, presented a number of German lieder, proving himself a singer who, did he have skill in selection of songs could arouse his audience to enthusiasm. His work was almost as artistic as that of Melba, but his selections were such as would have been in better place on his own song program. Frank St. Ledger was entirely acceptable as accompanist and showed good schooling in his solo numbers, though not entirely equal to the temperamental possibilities of the Brahms "Rhapsodie," for instance. The full capacity of Trinity auditorium was in use and the audience gave Mme. Melba and her assistants numerous recalls. Mr. Behymer is to be congratulated on the brilliant opening of his 1915-16 season with this concert. It is to be hoped it augurs full houses for his score of artists, many of them Melba's equal in vocal art. His three lists, of half-a-dozen artists on each, give a wealth of recitals not to be found in the country outside of five or six of the largest cities.

It is pleasant news to the many Western friends, students and admirers of William Shakespeare, the dean of English vocal teachers, to learn that he has again arrived in California after an absence of more than three years. Mr. Shakespeare will teach for a time in San Francisco and then come to Los Angeles for a rest and recreation. But his periods of rest generally involve giving a dozen singing lessons daily, as he is never happy when idle. Mr. Shakespeare is highly regarded by the best class of our musicians and his intimate circle here anticipates his return to Los Angeles with much pleasure.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach is finding that western hospitality is not conducive to composition. After her return from abroad, she came west to escape somewhat of the social attentions that were paid her in her home city of Boston, expecting to play at the Federation here in Los Angeles and visit the Exposition at San Francisco. The intervening time was to be put in on a new opera which

she had in mind, or at least hoped the west would inspire her to write. Recently, when asked how the opera was getting along she said it would have to wait now until she returned home as there have been so many demands on her time that she could not settle down to work on it. So many club and private receptions have been given her and she has proved so popular socially that it may be the west has robbed itself of works from her pen inspired by its scenery and its history. Mrs. Beach stood at the head of the list of artists that were heard here at the biennial meeting of the women's clubs.

Reference to Mrs. Beach, calls to mind the credit Dr. Beach is getting for the compositions of his gifted wife. She began her career as Amy Cheney, and I find her listed under that name as solo pianist with the Boston symphony orchestra in 1885, playing with it in Boston and on tour. But she did not continue to use her maiden name at subse-



Miss Molly Byerly Wilson

quent appearances—she has played with this orchestra half-a-dozen seasons—or on her compositions. So Dr. Beach has come to be rather a celebrated individual. So also, has Mr. Siegmund Zeisler, of Chicago. An attorney of high standing in his own city, it is probable that he would have remained an unknown quantity to the art world had he not married Miss Fannie Bloomfield, who had made the reputation of a great artist before. Mr. Zeisler's name was attached to hers. And so the lawyer's name is revered by those who bow at the shrine of American pianists.

On the other hand, there are a number of perfectly good husbands who are not permitted to bask in the lime light of publicity. For instance, there is Godfrey Turner. Did you ever hear of him? Yet he is the masculine side of the Maud Powell family. He is content, perhaps, to see that his immensely-talented and amiable wife has the publicity which he, as her business manager, secures for her. Emma Fames and Nordica also kept the credit which was theirs, not sharing with the husbands. Nor did Teresa Carreno see fit to divide the spoils of publicity. In fact, it was perfectly reasonable that she should not, as there surely would have been trouble to make the proper division. After passing the period when her maiden name legally was her own, and which name she had placed high among pianists, it would have been a great waste of good posters and announcements, to say nothing of photographs, had she made the successive

(Continued on Page 12)

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Social and Personal
(Continued from page ten)

Mr. and Mrs. Loren D. Sale who passed the greater part of the summer in the north, at Mona Lake, have returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay King of 266 South Rampart boulevard have been entertaining as their guests, Mrs. Andrew A. Gibson and Mrs. Walter Osgood Poor of San Diego. Among those who extended social courtesies to these charming visitors were Mrs. Charles H. Lippincott, Mrs. C. J. George and Mrs. J. P. Moffett.

Mrs. Albert Llewellyn Cheney and daughter have returned from an extended northern trip, and are again at their home, 11 Berkeley Square. They were away for the greater part of the summer and included Del Monte as well as San Francisco in their itinerary. Mr. Cheney remained at his ranch in San Joaquin for a few days, but is expected to return home the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne returned home recently from a northern trip, which included a visit to the exposition and attendance at the golf tournament at Del Monte.

Miss Florence Marsh and her cousin, Miss Evelyn Johnson left Friday for Dobbs Ferry. They were accompanied by the Misses Kerckhoff who resume their studies at the Spence School in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Champ S. Vance and their daughter, Miss Adele are in San Francisco enjoying the Exposition. They left the city last week and plan to remain in the north until October.

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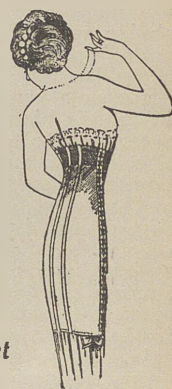
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Books

AMONG the literary products of the present war, some few rise clear and dominant because of their excellence; and one of these few is "The Pentecost of Calamity" by Owen Wister. Originally appearing in the columns of a weekly periodical, it made a profound impression all over the country, and has now been reprinted in booklet form. The writer knows and loves the Germany of a generation ago. Indeed, he was a boy of ten when war was declared between France and Prussia; and from a steamer's deck on the Rhine near Cologne he "watched a train composed of twenty-one locomotives moving ominous and sinister on their new errand" of war. Again last year he happened to be in the heart of Germany. It was the fateful June 28. "After two hours of strolling I re-entered our hotel to find a group of travelers before the bulletin board. Here we read in silence the news of a political assassination. The silence was prolonged, not because this news touched any of us nationally but because any such crime much touch and shock all thoughtful persons. At last the silence was broken by an old German traveler, who said: 'That is the match which will set all Europe in a blaze.' Not long afterward—only thirty-two days—we recollected the old German's remark, for it suddenly came true. He had known whereof he spoke." The war was deliberately planned; it was the culmination of Prussian intent and desire for a whole generation.

Germany, that Owen Wister saw in the spring of 1914, was very attractive. "In retrospect this picture rises clear," he says, "the fair aspect and order of the country and the cities, the well-being of the people, their contented faces, their grave adequacy, their kindliness; and crowning all material prosperity, the feeling for beauty as shown by their gardens, and better and more important still, the reverent value for their great native poets and musicians." England and France compared unfavorably with it. "So that I thought: Suppose a soul, arrived on earth from another world, wholly ignorant of earth, without any mortal ties whatever, were given its choice after a survey of the nations, which it should be born in and belong to? In May, June and July, 1914, my choice would have been, not France, not England, not America, but Germany."

Before a year was over he saw reason to change his decision. The war seems most terrible to him, "not from its huge size, but because it is a moral catastrophe. Through centuries of suffering and cruelty, guided by religion, we thought we had attained to knowledge of and belief in a public right between nations, and an honorable warfare, if warfare need be. This has been shattered to pieces. No need to investigate further the atrocities at Liege or Louvain. These and more have been amply proved, but what need of proof after the Lusitania school festival? In that day we see the feast of kultur, the Teutonic climax."

The writer deplores the effect on the German mind of the surprising victories of the German arms in 1870. "Through that war France took her soul out of the custody of an emperor and handed it to the people; through the same war Germany placed her soul in the hands of an emperor. Defeated France, rid of her Bonapartes; victorious Germany, shackled to her Hohenzollern! In the light of forty-five years how those opposite actions gleam with significance, and how in the same light the two words defeat and victory grow lambent with shifting import. Unless our democratic faith be vain, France walked forward then and Germany backward. Goethe's young Wilhelm Meister thus images the ruin of Hamlet's mind and how it came about: 'An oak tree is planted in a costly vase, which should only have borne beautiful flowers in its bosom; the roots expanded and the vase is shattered.' Thus has Prussia, planted in Germany, cracked the Empire." ("The Pentecost of Calamity." By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

Exciting Detective Story

Arthur Stringer's "Hand of Peril" is an exciting and well-written detective

story. It has to be a clever tale, on account of the commonplace plot, to be acceptable to the public. The situation and the suspense are cleverly managed and not the least charm of the book is the description of the cities wherein the action takes place. Mr. Stringer has more than a street map knowledge of European capitals and he visualizes them most delightfully. Maura Lambert is an exceptional adventuress and the detective, Kestner, is out of the ordinary also. We never lose sight of the fact that he is a man as well as a detective, and this a great relief since story-book detectives are often so palpably detectives that they become tiresome. Lambert, the arch-criminal is a human being, and not a man of straw stuffed to suit the purposes of an author. Sadie Wimpel is splendidly portrayed and lends a welcome humor to an otherwise serious situation. In the final episode, however, Mr. Stringer seems to have piled on the agony a little too much, but this last struggle is so well done, that one is inclined to forgive it. Those who are fond of excitement will find "The Hand of Peril" far better than the average detective story, and well worth reading. ("The Hand of Peril." By Arthur Stringer. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

"The Crayon Clue"

Minnie J. Reynolds takes a new setting for her story, "The Crayon Clue." Evidently, she has had a good deal to do with public school teaching and school politics, for her story is built on rottenness in school management. There is nothing analogous to Los Angeles school life in this story, but it is one which will be read with interest by schoolma'ams as showing what their sisters in other cities in the "good" old days of political school management had to suffer. The central figure is a bright young teacher who accidentally uncovers various brands of rascality in the school heads of her city and who was able to checkmate the grafters by a series of fortunate accidents. There is a love element in the book but it is not allowed to obtrude on the "mission" of the tale or rather the central theme, which is graft on appointments, on supplies and on various sorts of rake-off. Miss Reynolds is entertaining and writes with considerable directness in the straight-from-the-shoulder style of the newspaper writer who has nothing to do but state facts. At any rate, the novel setting of the tale will make a strong appeal to one class of readers and that is the school teaching fraternity and, possibly, the suffragettes. Doubtless, there are cities where a general reading of the story by the public might awaken it to conditions in their own schools. ("The Crayon Clue." By Minnie J. Reynolds. Mitchell Kennerly. Bullock's.)

Charming Story of Home Life

"Prudence of the Parsonage" is a simple, charming little story of home life, dealing with the five bright daughters of a Methodist minister. It takes its name from the eldest, Prudence, who becomes a mother to her four half-orphaned sisters, despite the handicapping doubts of her father's parishioners as to her ability to rear them in the way they should go. In her efforts to acquit herself well in this task she nearly spoils two lives, her own and her lover's, until the author invokes an accident to bring them together again. There are adorable twins in the minister's family and they succeed in adding much to the pleasant tale. ("Prudence of the Parsonage." By Ethel Hueston. Bobbs Merrill Company. Bullock's.)

Notes From Bookland

Asa Don Dickinson of the editorial staff of Doubleday, Page & Co. has been granted a year's leave of absence, which he will devote to the organization of the library of the University of the Punjab and of other libraries in India.

Mitchell Kennerly will bring out this month, delayed from last spring, "Rudyard Kipling: A Critical Study," by Cyril Falls.

John Masefield, who has been for six months working in French hospitals, has gone to the Dardanelles, where he will have charge of a picket boat to carry the Gallipoli wounded to hospitals.

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Music and Musicians

(Continued from Page Eleven)

changes to Mrs. Eugen Sauret, Mrs. Giovanni Tagliapietra, Mrs. Eugen d'Albert, and Mrs. Arturo Tagliapietra. (It will be noted the "Lioness of the Keyboard" has a preference for "Eugen" and for "Tagliapietra.") So it will be seen that things even up in the matter of masculine credits extended, although if one went more extensively into the ranks of sopranos and contraltos it would be found that the male appendages seldom are allowed to appear in public—perhaps on account of the possibility of frequent changes on the bills, a la Carreno.

Molly Byerly Wilson, contralto, has been in San Francisco for a fortnight, where she was called to conclude the details regarding her season's concert tour. A five months' tour has been arranged, with dates covering a large part of the United States. Engagements open in Chicago November 8, extending west to the coast along northern routes, thence south, and returning to Chicago via southern routes, concluding the western engagements. Central and southern dates, extending into Texas, will follow, and then a month will be passed in Indiana, under bookings arranged by a local manager. Dates in the South Atlantic states will then be filled, returning into Ohio and New York. A busy season, including a large number of engagements, has been arranged for Miss Wilson, and her many Los Angeles friends will rejoice with her in the prospect of a happy and profitable winter. Miss Wilson's San Francisco trip necessitated the canceling of her return engagement at the San Diego exposition organ September 19. She will go to San Diego, however, October 22 and 23, for her oratorio engagements as contralto soloist in "Elijah" with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra.

Dean W. F. Skeel of the School of Music of the U. S. C., says there is no truth in the statement made in the Times that Mrs. Norma R. Robbins "has been elected head of the music school of the University of Southern California," and adds that if any such action were taken he probably would be notified of it.

For the third time, Thos. Taylor Drill has conducted the Rossini "Stabat Mater" here and at Long Beach. At the two previous performances a local tenor was called in to substitute for disgruntled soloists, but this time he was secured direct and not as a substitute. The last performance was at Trinity last Sunday afternoon.

There will be much interest in hearing Emmy Destinn, to see if her great eastern reputation will be duplicated on the Pacific coast and also give chance for immediate comparison with the voice of Melba, to see if all those elaborate adjectives secured by the latter in the daily press were deserved.

Olga Steeb is one of the finest pian-

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Estate of Louis H. Merchant, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned A. B. Shaw, Administrator of the Estate of Louis H. Merchant, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at Suite 336-339 Title Insurance Building, situate on the Northeast corner of Fifth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, said County, which place is hereby designated as the office of said administrator for the transaction of the business of said Estate in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 30th day of August, A. D., 1915.

A. B. SHAW,

Administrator.

A. B. Shaw, Jr., Attorney for Administrator.

ists the west has turned out, having a repertoire of hundreds of the standard compositions for her instrument. She has just played at the Exposition at San Francisco by special request of George Stewart. This is her second appearance there. Mr. Stewart wrote asking if she could play a concerto at short notice and which one. She replied that he could have his choice of a dozen at three days' notice.

Claude Gotthelf, who played the Cadman piano sonata at the Federation here in June, has come to Los Angeles to teach.

It was a notable trio that was heard at Venice last Sunday night—Constance Balfour, soprano, Constantino, tenor, and Frasca, baritone, with Mario Hediger at the piano. The crowning number was the beautiful trio from the last act of "Faust." It is hoped the trio will not long delay its Los Angeles appearance.

Michael Eisoff, violoncellist, has been placed in the chair of the Saint Saens trio formerly held by the lamented Mrs. Elsa Menasco. The first concert of the trio for this season will be given in December with the Widor quintet as the piece de resistance. In speaking of this recital a morning paper says: "Songs will be rendered by E. H. Clark." Doubtless, Eddie Clark's many friends will be out en masse to note his metamorphosis from violinist to vocalist.

In the World of Amateur Sports

WITH the national and state events in golf and tennis completed and the fall season of the country clubs not yet on, interest of those who enjoy amateur sports has centered this week upon yachting. Both the Sunset and the South Coast Yacht Clubs held races over the week-end which were important and were only marred by the weather conditions that prevailed, light winds making good time impossible and affording little opportunity for the display of seamanship. One of the most anticipated yachting events of the year hereabouts is the annual women's race of the South Coast club which was held Sunday. Over a course only seven miles in length, from the Miner bulkhead around the end of the breakwater at San Pedro to the Point Fermin buoy and return, the race was the prettiest and best sailed held under the auspices of the South Coast club this season. Mrs. Warren, mother of H. B. Warren, owner of the Seamore, was skipper of that boat and succeeded in winning the interesting contest, both in elapsed time and corrected time. She had two close rivals in Mrs. V. A. Goodrich, who sailed the Minerva, and Miss Lila Hubbell, commanding the Mischief. Miss Georgia Sinclair, aged 13, the youngest of the fair skippers, took fourth place with the La Jolla. So well had Measurer J. J. Goldsworthy arranged the handicaps that the eight yachts entered finished within eight minutes, twenty seconds of each other. Following are the boats, skippers and corrected time:

Yacht	Skipper	Corrected Time
Seamore, Mrs. Warren	1:16:05
Minerva, Mrs. V. A. Goodrich	1:17:12
Mischief, Miss Lila Hubbell	1:17:28
La Jolla, Miss Georgia Sinclair	1:18:31
Mischief II, Mrs. E. C. Hyans	1:18:51
Vite, Mrs. B. P. Weston	1:19:22
Spray, Mrs. H. W. Mellen	1:19:50
Trojan, Miss Barbara Taylor	1:24:25

In a close start the eight boats got away with only 45 seconds elapsing between the time the first and the last crossed the starting line. The Vite was the first across and Mischief II was second. Five of the leading boats passed the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater within 35 seconds of each other. At the Point Fermin buoy there was but 20 seconds separating the Seamore and Mischief II, with Minerva 15 seconds behind. The yaws came down the run back to the breakwater, wing and wing. Pretty work was done by the women sailors in the beat back to the Miner fill. Little Georgia Sinclair succeeded in putting La Jolla into fourth place just ahead of Mrs. Harry Mellen in the Spray.

While the women were holding their close and exciting race, two old rivals, Commodore Albert Soiland and Former Commodore D. H. Laubersheimer staged a go-as-you-please race over the same course between Viking III and Royal which was even closer. The yachts were privileged to use both engine and sail and Commodore Soiland succeeded in putting Viking's jib-boom over the finish line two feet ahead of the Royal.

Finicky winds interfered greatly with the principal event of the Sunset regatta off Long Beach, the race for the Examiner cup, won by A. G. Sepulveda's Columbine, the scratch boat which was the first to drift across the finish line. The order of placement and time was as follows:

Columbine	Scratch	1:28:54
Venus	12	1:55:00
Neva	25	1:57:00
Arrow	22	2:04:00
Olita	30	1:54:00

H. C. Hulett's express motor boat Tagus won the motor boat event for the Commodore Mitchell cup, making the eight miles in 22 minutes, 10 seconds, against 22 minutes, 50 seconds for Waga, which was second. Large throngs were attracted both to Long Beach and San Pedro by the events.

Stanford's Strong Attitude on Rugby

Anent the present football discussion, Stanford authorities have issued a statement, signed by Frank Angell, chairman of the faculty athletic committee, Herbert R. Stolz, physical director, and Earl C. Behrens, manager associated students, which sets forth the ideal of that university in sticking to Rugby and which must appeal to every lover of true sport as a convincing presentation of the merits of that game for the purposes for which it was adopted by the Cardinals. It is to be regretted that lack of space forbids the publication of

the entire statement in The Graphic but the following excerpts give an idea of Stanford's reasons for its position: "The college game of football was abolished by the Stanford faculty and the Rugby game taken up by the students as an outcome of a deliberate policy of increasing participation and pleasure in athletic sports in general and football in particular. Briefly, the football conditions at Stanford formerly were what they are today in a great majority of American colleges; a relatively small group of men, significantly called 'material,' are trained and drilled by a coach according to his ideas of tactics and strategy, with the purpose of forming a varsity team to play intercollegiate games. This is in no sense a college sport. In this respect the change to Rugby football brought about results at Stanford which we consider desirable: The number of players has greatly increased and the period of play has often lasted clear up to the end of the semester instead of stopping immediately after the 'big game.' Men of all sizes and weights have entered into the sport, most of them with small hope and many of them with no intention of 'making' the varsity. At the present juncture Stanford has been urged to take up the college game on the grounds that it has been opened up and freed from certain objectionable features of ten years ago. We think there can be no reasonable doubt of the truth of these statements, but it is also evident that the game has grown in complication with the inevitable tendency of necessitating the earlier selection of a team, which again is opposed to the Stanford idea. This tendency is shown in the East in convening teams for practice before the opening of college, and even in keeping a team at work during vacation. This is not sport; it is business, the business of winning intercollegiate games. Furthermore, we desire to say frankly that any game whose rules call for three officials on the field to watch teams of eleven players is quite incompatible with the spirit of spontaneous athletics which we are trying to establish at Stanford. Which of these games is preferred by the public is a question which we presume will be settled more according to temperament and custom than according to reason, but which is more democratic in spirit and more helpful in the development of character and in the qualities of leadership in high school students, are questions which, so far as our observation goes, are to be answered very decisively in favor of the Rugby game. We hold no brief for the Rugby game; the football conditions at Stanford might have been paralleled with soccer, hockey, lacrosse, or with any other form of player-made game in vogue. But with the students' preference for a tackling form of football, the elasticity of the Rugby game has wrought at Stanford a fairly broad and pleasurable participation in the game which would vanish under the conditions of directive coaching and pre-arranged signals."

Switchers From Rugby Have Troubles

While the fate of Rugby is hanging in the balance in the south at this writing, with Athletic Manager Behrens of Stanford here holding consultations with those friends of the English game that are seeking to organize amateur teams to give the Los Angeles Athletic Club opposition, the schools and colleges of the state which have this year returned to American football have found that players cannot forget in an afternoon what they were several years learning. Coaches at Los Angeles high and the other schools which have just switched styles find that their athletes, while turning out in large enough numbers to be encouraging, continue to use Rugby plays whenever the slightest opportunity presents. Particular trouble is encountered in training the linemen to the different style. The coaches are now endeavoring to utilize this tendency toward Rugby, as did Coach Pipal of Occidental several years ago, to speed up their teams. But fancy plays based on Rugby principles cannot be utilized unless the essentials of the American style are understood. This was amply demonstrated in the defeat of California by the Commercial Club in the north last week. The college men had a whole bag of tricks to pull on their opponents, but they failed to hold the line while the fancy plays were put in motion. The clubmen, using interference of a higher order,

gained consistently although they have an admittedly weak backfield. With the new lessons the Los Angeles high schools must learn this fall it would appear that one of the three leaders of the American football high school league of last year, Pasadena, Long Beach or Santa Ana, would stand the better chance of winning the championship this year. To the southern colleges the American game is an old story and their season will develop in its customary way, with Pomona, Occidental and U. S. C. each confident it will land the title and with Whittier, as usual, upsetting the leaders.

Explaining the Veterans' Drop

In the east golf enthusiasts have a new and interesting explanation for the downfall of veterans before youngsters on the links. It was notable that in the national tournament at Detroit the old timers were outdriven by the younger players from forty to sixty yards. The veterans excelled in short play but this asset was overbalanced by their relatively poor showing in long play. Experts assert that the younger golfers instead of hitting the ball when the clubhead reaches the lowest point of the sweeping arc, meet the ball on the down stroke, thus hitting it with a maximum force and attaining greater accuracy by coordination of muscle, mind and eye. Veterans, for the most part, find it impossible to get this stroke because the majority of them played tennis, cricket or baseball before taking up golf and had been in the habit of hitting a ball in flight. With them the art of timing the ball became almost an act of second nature and they seem unable to stop making allowances for the speed of the ball and the course it might take, even since they have taken up the only game in which the ball is stationary. The youngsters starting in golf have not played other games long enough to acquire this habit of unconsciously timing a ball and are better able to hit a stationary sphere.

Tennis Champions Win at Cincinnati

National Champions Johnston and Griffin won the tri-state doubles title in the tennis tournament at Cincinnati last Sunday, but not before they had been given a scare by R. A. Holden, Jr., and H. T. Emerson of that city. The score resulted in 8-6, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4 in favor of the California boys. Emerson displayed remarkable ability in the smashing game and he and the new national champion, Johnston, had many spirited duels.

Handicap Tournament at Santa Monica

Showing unexpected tennis form Sidney Wailes swept himself and his partner, Mrs. W. Hook, into victory over C. Burk and Miss Mary Browne, former national woman singles champion, in the round robin handicap tournament of mixed doubles held by the Santa Monica Tennis Club the last week-end. Wailes and Mrs. Hook had a handicap of plus 30 from Burk and Miss Browne in the finals and although the former national title holder showed her old time form, Wailes put up such a strong game at the net that his team was returned winner. Sixteen teams participated in the tournament.

Soccer Devotees Getting Busy

Ignoring the battle royal between the advocates of Rugby and American football, the soccer veterans of the south are preparing to launch a season of their favorite sport, with a regular schedule of games to begin in about two weeks. A meeting of the soccer clubs has been called for Monday night by Bob Weaver of the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

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Polytechnic Elementary Opens Monday

Polytechnic Elementary School at California and Catalina Avenues, Pasadena, opens its ninth school year, Monday, September 27. Registration has been going on the last few days and the outlook is one of bright promise. Mrs. Myron Hunt, formerly Miss Virginia Pease, the principal of the school since its beginning, is now a member of the board of trustees. Miss Grace Henley is her successor. Miss Henley comes from Berkeley and is a graduate of the University of California. Several other additions have been made to the faculty. Miss Vera Greenlaw will take the advanced primary work. Miss Greenlaw is a teacher of experience and is exceptionally well prepared for work. Miss Jean Egbert will be the director of the kindergarten. Two new open air rooms have been added to the school. The same charming design with corridors, long rows of windows, and large airy spacing, has been continued. All the buildings have been designed by Mr. Myron Hunt. The tennis courts, athletic field playgrounds, and the gymnasium work, offer unusual opportunity for outdoor recreation. In addition to strong work in the essentials, such as geography, arithmetic, English and history, the school has become well known for the special opportunity it affords in manual training, domestic science, French, German and art. Individual needs are carefully studied, thus making it possible for pupils to make rapid progress. Last year two hundred and fifty pupils attended the school and a large registration is reported for the beginning of this term.

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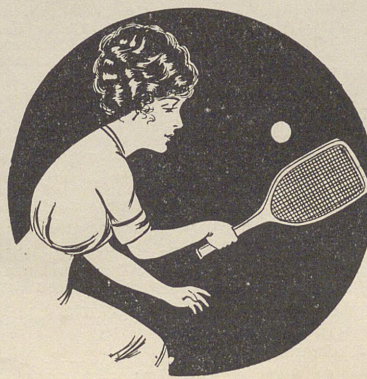
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Stocks & Bonds

OIL stocks have been the only active traders on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, with Union creating considerable excitement by its strengthening in the face of heavy demand. From bid \$57, asked \$57.50, last week, Union has at this writing reached \$58.37½-\$58.75. Union Provident shared in the upward trend, advancing to \$58.25. Traders Oil, which came to life last week after many months of inactivity, was off a point, being offered at bid \$19, asked \$20. National Pacific likewise was easier toward the close of the week.

Oatman district mining securities were noticeably weaker and there was little activity in them after last Saturday when 14,000 shares of Big Jim changed hands at 36¼ cents. Wednesday, the highest bid on this stock was 30 cents, with 37 cents asked. Arizona Tom Reed also gradually weakened. Tom Reed and Consolidated Mines remained firm.

Los Angeles Investment has ruled unsteady and there is little demand manifest for the stock even at appreciably lower quotations. It is now hovering between 38 and 40 cents and sales are almost discontinued.

In the bond list, which remains inert, practically the only changes have been a weakening in Los Angeles Railway Corporation 5's at .83¾. Issues of Home Telephone Company and Home Telephone Company first refunding were also off slightly. Despite dividend announcements by a number of Los Angeles banks there were no changes in quotations of these securities and no renewed trading in them was reported, either on or off board. The absence of a number of brokers who are attending the sessions of the National Association of Mining and Stock Brokers in San Francisco resulted in rather a quiet week on the local exchange.

Banks and Bankers

Los Angeles, Pasadena and San Diego have all had the opportunity this week to entertain large numbers of delegates to the American Bankers' Convention, recently held at Seattle, who are returning to their homes via the southern routes. The bankers made their headquarters at the Maryland Hotel, Pasadena. They were taken on many automobile rides about Los Angeles. Wednesday was American Bankers' Association Day at the San Diego fair. Seven hundred financiers from all sections of the country attended the southern jollification held in their honor.

October 1 the following Los Angeles banks will pay their regular quarterly dividends to their stockholders: Farmers and Merchants, First National, German-American Trust and Savings, Hibernian Savings, Merchants National, National Bank of California, Security Trust and Savings, Citizens National, California Savings.

While it is practically settled that banks in all parts of the country will participate in a loan of from \$500,000,000 to \$750,000,000 to England and France, eastern financiers are calling attention to the fact that if necessary New York is amply able to handle an even greater loan. The Bache Review, commenting on the proposed loan, says: "New York alone could underwrite a loan of \$1,000,000,000 on its present surplus reserve, which is nearly \$225,000,000. In fact, on a basis of 18 per cent reserve, this surplus would warrant a loan of \$1,250,000,000. But there is no reason why New York alone should undertake this operation, because the country—every part of it—is interested, and on the whole, much more interested than New York. And the country, as a whole, is abundantly able to take care of this financing. The combined surplus of the National banks and the state banks of the country is estimated to be more than \$1,500,000,000. As an 18 per cent reserve, this would warrant loans in excess of \$8,500,000,000. So that a \$1,000,000,000 loan would be a comparatively small matter. Furthermore, it would be a benefit, insofar as it would reduce this enormous credit power which the country now possesses, and which is, in itself, a menace

and an invitation to wild speculation and tremendous credit inflation."

Bond and security holdings, excepting United States bonds, of six leading national banks of the country as shown by the latest statement to the comptroller of the currency have increased \$2,200,000 over the bank call of June 23, and are \$50,500,000 in excess of the amount held at this time last year.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Frank H. Pettingill, president of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, has been elected senior vice-president of the newly organized National Association of Mining and Stock Brokers, which has been in session in San Francisco this week. Thomas S. Robinson of San Francisco was chosen president of the association, which has for its object the protection of brokers and their clients and the promotion of deserving mining properties in the United States. In attendance on the meetings in the north were delegates from the exchanges of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Colorado Springs, Spokane, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Reo Motor Car Company has declared its usual quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent and an extra dividend of 12½ per cent, payable October 1. The Reo Motor Truck Company has also declared a dividend of 10 per cent, payable the same date.

International Harvester Company of New Jersey announces its usual quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent on the common stock, payable October 15 to stock of record September 25. No action has been taken on the Harvester Corporation common dividend.

Ideal Montfay Tours

For a day's trout fishing any day of the year, or a week end visit the Montfay tours are to be recommended. They lead you to an ideal spot on the big Santa Anita river five miles from Sierra Madre where you may have a most enjoyable day's outing and fill your basket with the finest trout. The camp itself nestles in a garden spot where Winter Creek empties into the big river. For week end stays there are commodious and well furnished cabins and tent houses built along the banks of the stream. Surrounding environs abound in water falls and picturesque nooks and deer and other mountain animals may be seen as they come down to drink at the stream. These tours leave Colby's at 7:30 a. m. daily by automobile, and arrive at the foot of the trail in Sierra Madre at eight o'clock. From there burros furnish the mode of travel up the government trail and in two hours Robert's Camp is reached. So nominal is the cost of these tours that all may enjoy their benefits. The fee charged includes the auto ride, the burro and a dinner at the camp. The same amount also pays for the week end trip which leaves at 6:30 p. m. Saturdays arriving at the camp at nine o'clock and returning Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m., and includes besides the trip a cabin for the night and dinner at the camp.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
Sept. 17, 1915.

Non-Coal. 025501.
Notice is hereby given that Ida E. Rundle, whose post-office address is 1445 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 9th day of January, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 025501, to purchase the N¼, NE¼, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200, the stone estimated at \$100 and the land \$100; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of November, 1915, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

No withdrawals.

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GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

THEIR labors completed the rating surveys of the Pacific Board of Fire Underwriters who made a re-survey of Los Angeles have returned to San Francisco and reported to the executive committee, with the result that rates in several districts of this city have already been raised slightly. It is understood the board contemplates an arbitrary rate increase to cover the districts affected by the closing of several fire houses under the two-platoon system, the plan being to remove the arbitrary rate as soon as the fire houses are reopened. Local merchants are not taking kindly to the proposed increase in their fire insurance premiums and have arranged for conferences with representatives of the Pacific board to ascertain how the increase may be avoided.

Police records disclose that thefts of Ford automobiles far exceed those of any other make and so great has become the loss upon this particular make that many insurance companies are discontinuing writing theft coverage on Fords. Others have increased their rate on Fords to 5 per cent and several are limiting the amount of insurance to so small a sum that the car owners do not consider the policies of any value. It is predicted by Los Angeles brokers that many companies now writing this business will discontinue the class entirely unless the authorities succeed in breaking up the ring which makes off with Fords.

V. H. Quitzow, special agent for the New York Underwriters has completed a tour of the Southern California agencies and is now in San Francisco.

John A. Prinsen, Los Angeles general agent of the Prussian National, has returned from a trip to San Francisco.

A. T. Bailey of San Francisco, Pacific Coast manager of the New Hampshire, is making an inspection tour of his company's agencies in this section.

By the collapse of the Commonwealth Bonding Company of Texas, a concern which had been writing considerable liability business in Southern California, a number of Los Angeles policy holders find themselves with policies regarding the value of which they are in great doubt. The Commonwealth has been a thorn in the side of the older companies in the local field for a long time.

Carl Luhrs of San Francisco, special agent of the automobile department of the Royal, is in this city, where he expects to remain from thirty to sixty days, transacting business for his company.

William Klinger, general agent of the automobile department of the London and Lancashire, was a Los Angeles visitor this week.

W. H. Cramer has accepted the general agency of the Union Central Life for the southern part of California, with headquarters in this city. Mr. Cramer was formerly president of the Southern Agency Company, which represented the San Francisco Life in Southern California.

Insurance Commissioner Wells of Oregon has found that all is not happiness attempting to act as receiver for weak insurance companies. He announces that policy holders of the Horticultural Fire Relief Insurance Company and the Merchants' Mutual Fire Insurance Company have not paid the assessments levied to meet fire losses and that on a present basis these concerns could pay but 22 cents on the dollar. He threatens to withdraw as receiver and force the companies into bankruptcy. Both, it is understood, have delinquent policy holders in California.

Gray & Davis' regular quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent on preferred stock is payable October 1.

Directors of the Ray Consolidated Copper Company have declared a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents, the same as that paid three months ago.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK Los Angeles

Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, dies at Coronado.

City council votes to call election to vote on \$2,000,000 bond issue for civic center.

Million dollar fire in Union Warehouse. United Typothetae and Franklin Clubs of America hold convention here.

Reception for Mrs. William Cumming Story, president-general of Daughters of the American Revolution.

Former President Taft guest of honor at large reception.

California

Naval experts hold convention at San Francisco.

San Bernardino County Hospital burns. National Drainage Congress meets in San Francisco.

Santa Fe granted permission to build railroad from Grants to Temecula.

United States

Allies' financial representatives continue negotiations in New York for billion dollar loan.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., inspects living conditions at Colorado coal mines.

Investment bankers hold convention at Denver.

James F. J. Archibald brought to New York from London.

Cave-in of New York subway kills seven persons.

Foreign

Bulgaria mobilizes troops. Petrograd announces Russian army has escaped from German enveloping movement.

Dr. Constantin Dumba, Austrian Ambassador to the United States, announces he is to return to his own country without awaiting recall.

English war budget largest in history of world.

Villa increases activities in Sonora.

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No. 49	Leave Los Angeles... 7:30 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 12:50 p.m.
THE LARK	Leave Los Angeles... 8:00 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 9:45 a.m.
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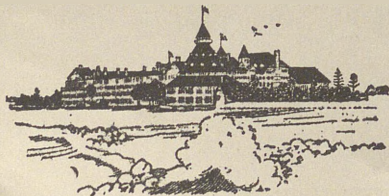
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C ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Third and Spring	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000; Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.
H IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth.	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$325,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.
N ATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
C OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLM CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
F IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits \$20,000,000.
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